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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
OCTOBER 3, 1994 VOL.107 NO.40

CONTENTS

4 EDITORIAL

6 LETTERS

8 OPENING NOTES/PASSAGES

11 COLUMN: BARBARA AMIEL

12 CANADA

Human Resources Minister Lloyd Axworthy prepares to outline major changes to Canada's social safety net; gun owners organize a powerful lobby to block tighter controls on firearms; the National Party of Canada collapses amid bitter squabbling.

20 COVER

29 WORLD

Brazilian economist Fernando Henrique Cardoso is the favorite to become president of Latin America's largest nation.

34 BUSINESS

Ted Rogers and CRTC chairman Keith Spicer square off over Rogers's proposed \$3.1-billion takeover of Maclean Hunter Ltd.; a unique new Design Exchange opens in Toronto.

38 THE BOTTOM LINE: DEIRDRE McMURDY

42 THE NATION'S BUSINESS: PETER C. NEWMAN

43 PEOPLE

44 PROFILE

48 JUSTICE

52 THE ARTS

Paul Quarrington returns from screenwriting with *Civilization*, a novel about the movies; life imitates art for the Rheostatics, whose first hit is a song written for a film about a man who writes an unexpected hit single.

54 THEATRE

Street Legal's Sonja Smits and Eric Peterson are reunited onstage in *Nothing Sacred*.

56 FILMS

Two buddies clash in *Sleep with Me*, a Generation-X love triangle; Meryl Streep shoots the rapids of marital discord.

60 FOTHERINGHAM

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Policing Haiti

20 After a last-minute deal averted a military invasion, U.S. troops landed peacefully in Haiti to set the stage for a return to democracy. Now, the hard part begins. Endemic violence and hatred divide the beleaguered Caribbean nation. And Canadians—100 RCMP officers and 600 soldiers who will take part in a UN peacekeeping operation—will be on the front lines.



REUTERS/MATTHEWS/AP

Exotic Atom

44 With his new film *Exotica*, Atom Egoyan has become the most celebrated Canadian director of his generation, winning international acclaim for his dark, disturbing films.



EDWIN EDEN/MACLEAN'S

Lights, cameras, action

48 When football legend O. J. Simpson went on trial this week in Los Angeles for the murder of his ex-wife and one of her friends, he had become the central figure in the most riveting, relentlessly publicized case in the history of mayhem in America. The first hurdle: finding jurors who have yet to make up their minds.



NICK UT/REUTERS

COVER PHOTOS BY: RON HAVIV/SABA AND NAUHA FEANNY/SABA

The People's Car

The Quebec referendum it is not, nor is it Bosnia, Haiti or the baseball strike. But the development is likely to have a truly profound impact on Canadians for years to come. In the People's Republic of China, it is called simply "the people's car." And in July, it became formal state policy to dramatically increase auto production of private vehicles in a land where bike pedalling is a national practice. The object is to manufacture a low-priced sedan for the mass market. The motor companies of the world are vying to build it, and the potential market is staggering—so staggering, in fact, that some experts are warning of the possibility of yet another world energy crisis, with soaring prices and inflation. China, with a population of 1.2 billion, already is a net importer of oil, and a massive increase in gasoline production could also cause steep price increases at the pumps of Vancouver, Ottawa and Halifax. As University of Manitoba China expert Vaclav Smil told *The New York Times* last week: "There is simply not enough crude oil on the planet for [the Chinese] to import and, of course, it will speed up the arrival of the third oil crisis."

The "people's car" is just one more example of the successful march of capitalism throughout the world and of how that expansion, in turn, can strain the interests of the industrialized West. At the recently concluded UN population conference in Cairo, one of the underlying themes was the insistence by leaders of the Third World that their peoples, too, should enjoy the benefits of industrialization—and please



Cyclists near Tiananmen Square: a third oil crisis?

to spare us the lectures about pollution and overpopulation. In the former Soviet Union, representatives of Western tobacco firms are pounding the pavement in search of agreements that will allow them to exploit a vast and receptive market for cigarettes, where health concerns are minimal.

The response of the car companies to the China market has been enthusiastic. Ford Motor Co. recently formed two joint ventures and is investing almost \$70 million to build parts plants in Shanghai—the prelude to a possible assembly plant. Other companies already in China hope to capitalize as well, including Audi, Citroën, General Motors, Peugeot and Volkswagen. There have, so far, been modest spinoffs for Canada:

Chrysler, which produces Jeep Cherokees with a Chinese partner, asked its Windsor-based subsidiary, Chrysler Canada Ltd., to supply 1,000 Dodge Caravan minivans—not quite one day's production—as part of a 14,000-vehicle deal last year. Parts manufacturer Magna International Inc. of Toronto also is studying projects in China.

China currently has about seven million cars, with the vast majority owned and operated by state enterprises. Less than one million people, a minute percentage of the potential driving population, actually drive a car. Now, China wants to make car production a "pillar industry" of the new economy. There will be a sedan in every carport. And a price boost at every pump?

HE PROMISED

"I've clearly indicated that the referendum would be held, for example, eight to 10 months after the election date."

—Jacques Parizeau, Parti Québécois leader, Aug. 8, 1994.

Robert Lewis

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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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LETTERS

Ethics of testing

Like Robert and Jane Sanders, I, too, had alpha-fetoprotein screening that did not detect the presence of Down's syndrome ("Should someone pay?" Justice, Sept. 19). Do I blame my doctor? Of course not. My husband and I made the decision to have a baby, and we were the ones responsible for every part of that decision. Instead of blaming the doctor, why don't the Sanders take up the battle with social assistance programs rather than trying to impose their own definition of quality of life on the rest of society through the legal system. Perhaps their Down's syndrome son has a different definition.

Susan Blekkenhorst,
Murillo, Ont.

Such a simple sentence: "About 90 per cent of Canadian women who discover they are carrying a Down's syndrome child choose to end their pregnancy." Imagine replacing the words Down's syndrome with girl, black, aboriginal or any other of society's many labels for people. Imagine reading that 90 per cent of Down's babies, otherwise healthy, will never be born because of advances in genetic research and testing. Imagine having Down's syndrome and reading that people consider this an "affliction" and "tragedy," while you sip your morning coffee and read Canada's national newsmagazine. How lonely. How inhuman.

Harry van Bommel,
Scarborough, Ont.

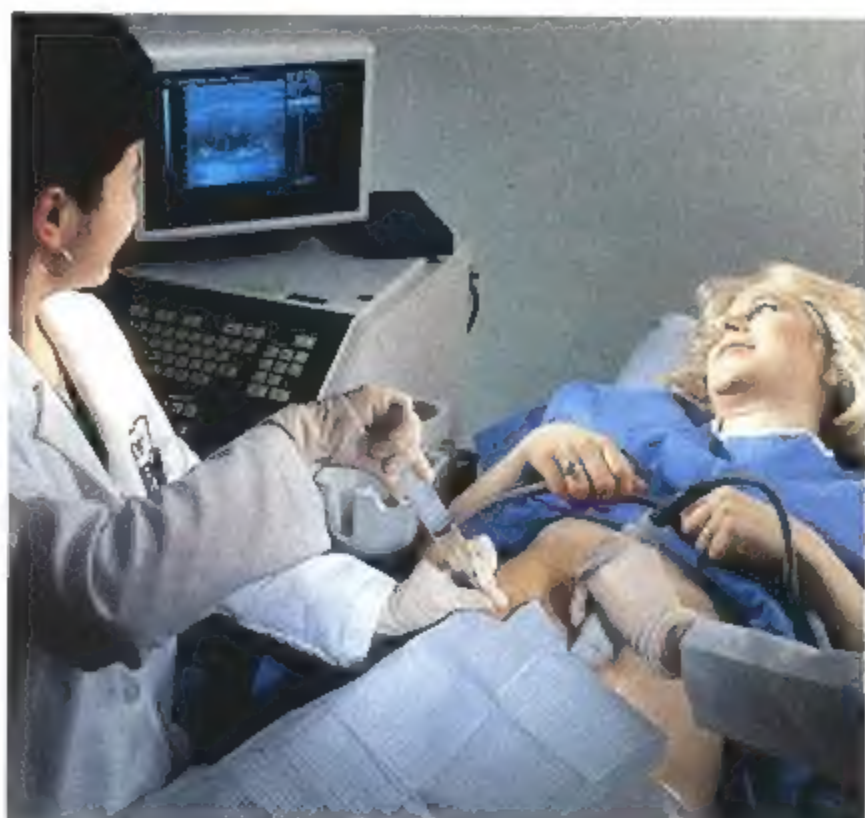
Language laws

In your editorial of Aug. 29 ("New Brunswick's secret"), you state that the Confederation of Regions Party in New Brunswick is an "anti-French" party. The COR party is against legislated bilingualism. In other words, it does not subscribe to legislating protection for *anyone's* language or culture, including English.

D. E. Cameron,
Leader of the Official Opposition,
Fredericton

Cover shot

The spectre of the now newly elected premier of Quebec leering like a Cheshire cat from the cover of *Macleans* ("The private Parizeau," Sept. 12) caused me to question your commitment to opposing the ascension



Amniocentesis procedure: defining quality of life

of the martinet Jacques Parizeau to the throne of a sovereign Quebec. Covers are generally reserved for persons of merit.

Graham Smith,
Knowlton, Que.

I believe, along with Benoit Aubin, that Jacques Parizeau is a man with beliefs ("The politics of conviction," *Inside Quebec*, Sept. 12). However, he can do far more harm than good when working from a flawed set of basic principles such as disunity, segregation and isolation, which have never been good tenets of national or global policy. The Berlin Wall proved that fences do not necessarily make for good neighbors.

Derek Koch,
London, Ont.

Taking charge

Thank you to *Macleans* for possibly saving my life with your cover story on breast cancer ("The new war on breast cancer," July 11). I am 37 years old and found a small pea-size lump high on my right breast. I had a mammogram and ultrasound, both of which were negative. My doctor told me not to worry. I then saw the article in *Macleans* and went right back to my doctor and insisted that the lump be removed. It was malignant, but because it was less than one centimetre, it had not spread. I had a small portion of my breast removed and will undergo a few weeks of radiation soon. The fact is, I do monthly breast exams, but I did not know of the fallibility of mammograms and doctors.

Carey Moluchi,
Seagrave, Ont.

All at sea

Your article "Lost in history's shuffle" (Canada, Aug. 29) is riddled with errors about Canada's remaining merchant seamen/women. The government does not, as you suggest, consider them to be "war veterans"; indeed, merchant seamen were purposely excluded from that designation. They do not have the same benefits or the same access to those benefits as their wartime military comrades. The government's claim that it is difficult to get information on surviving merchant seamen because of the

different departments involved is simply an excuse for doing nothing. What to Secretary of State for Veterans Affairs Lawrence MacAulay is a "technical matter" is, for the merchant seamen, a bread-and-butter issue.

Foster Griezic,
Associate professor, department of history,
Carleton University,
Ottawa

Papal support

In "The power of the Pope" (World, Sept. 19), you managed to include six quotations critical of John Paul II, but only one that could be called supportive. I am a recent convert to Roman Catholicism whose decision was made easier by the Pope's reiteration of traditional Catholic moral teaching.

Michael S. Cummings,
Ottawa

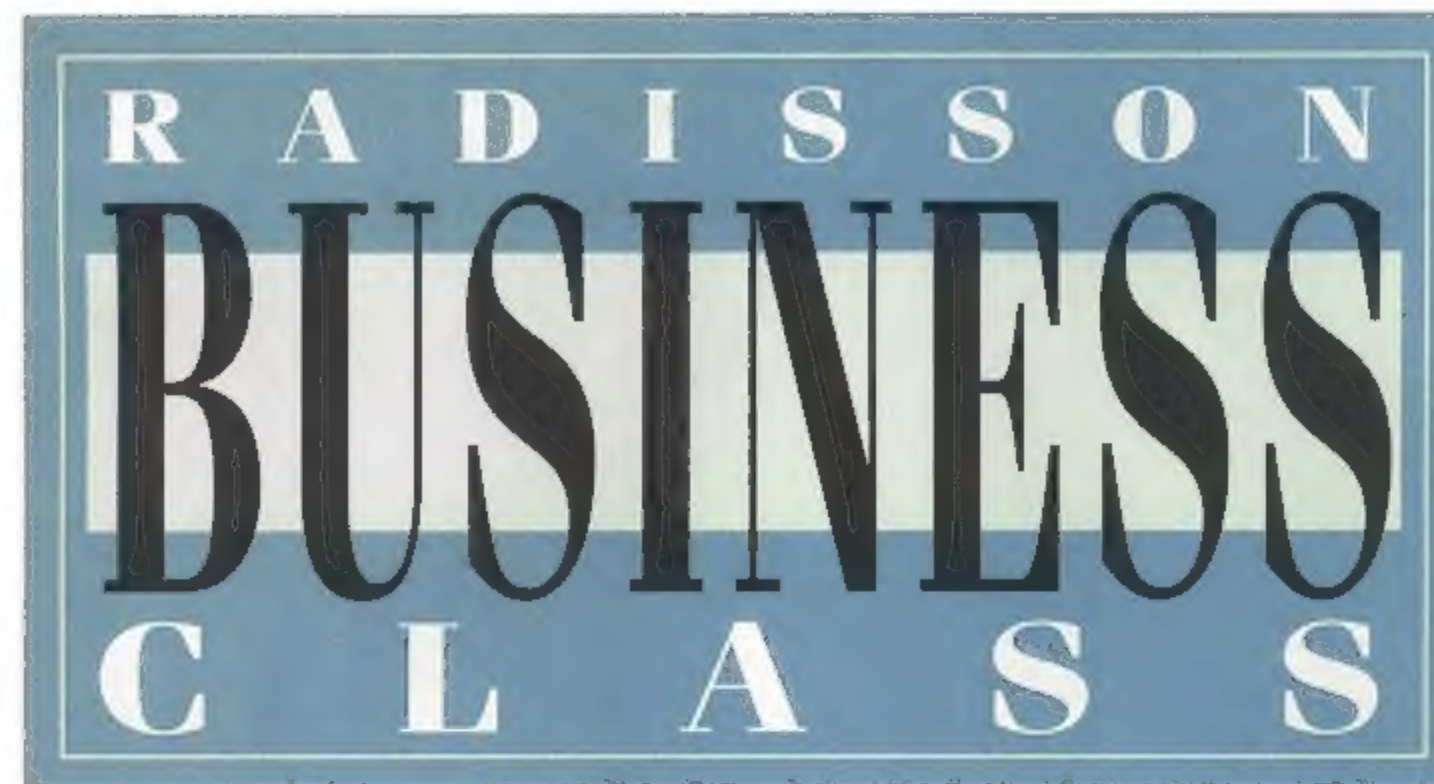
Fish or cut bait

Allan Fotheringham has put his foot in it again in "Telling a great Canadian fish tale" about Pamela McColl's book on B.C. salmon (Sept. 19). It was all enjoyable until the penultimate paragraph: "As she cooks, 6,000 more copies are on the way from Hong Kong." What's the matter with Canadian printers? Some of us still believe in patronizing our own industries first, and that's what builds this country.

Flo Whyard,
Beringian Books,
Whitehorse

Macleans welcomes readers' views, but letters may be edited for space and clarity. Please supply name, address and daytime telephone number. Write: Letters to the Editor, *Macleans* magazine, 777 Bay St., Toronto, Ont. M5W 1A7. Or fax: (416) 596-7730.

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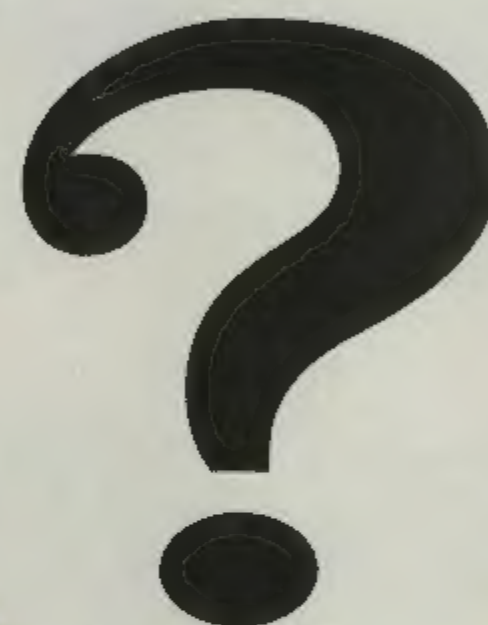
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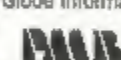
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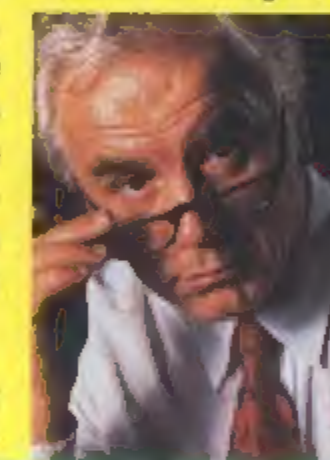
THE BONES OF THIS ISSUE ARE

STRICTLY MASCULINE

- men make-up 20% of all cases of osteoporosis
- 1 man in 6 has broken his hip by age 80
- 75% of osteoporosis-fracture victims suffer permanent disability
- 20% die from complications after breaking bones

A case of sexual discrimination? When it comes to osteoporosis, a disease of fragile, calcium-depleted bones, it's clear that men have been under-studied. This was a conclusion of the 3rd International Symposium on Osteoporosis held in Washington, DC this past spring.

Men need to be informed
that they, too, are at risk.



GETTING A LEG UP ON OSTEOPOROSIS

A healthy, active lifestyle and a diet rich in calcium throughout life is the best way to reduce the loss of bone mass. Men need 800 mg of calcium a day (even more according to some experts). Milk and milk products, such as cheese and yogurt, contain the richest source of calcium our bodies absorb best and Canada's Food Guide to Healthy Eating recommends adults consume 2-4 servings, daily.

An
8 oz glass of milk,
50 g slice of cheese
and a 175 g container
of yogurt each contain
roughly 300 mg of
calcium.

**CALCIUM
IN FOODS**

VS

**CALCIUM IN
SUPPLEMENTS**

For most people, calcium supplements should be seen as a second choice. Apart from providing pleasure and satisfaction, food provides many other nutrients our bones need. The Osteoporosis Society of Canada recommends we try to meet our calcium needs from food first, primarily by eating milk products.

From the Dairy Bureau of Canada

There's gold
in that thar
garbage!

Certainly that's the perspective of food archaeologists. They mine our leavings for information about eating habits. Among the fascinating data dug up, is the fact that we waste half as much today as we did 50 years ago. Then, households threw out between a quarter and a third of all solid comestibles. The reasons, however, are not "raised consciousness" or frugality, rather improved refrigeration, packaging, processing and preservation techniques.

**CHOCOLATE
MILK
ON MY CEREAL,
POR FAVOR**

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PEOPLE TO POUR
CHOCOLATE MILK OR
CAFÉ AU LAIT OVER
THEIR BREAKFAST
CEREAL.

Keep
a healthy
altitude



OPENING NOTES



Party time at a Montreal nightclub: gin, barbecue chips and Valium

VIVE LA DIFFERENCE

During numerous debates over the Constitution, the conventional wisdom has been that the people of Quebec are culturally unique. Now, the Toronto market research firm Bates Canada, which interviewed more than 1,000 people across the country earlier this year, has concluded that as consumers, Quebecers do, in fact, differ from their cousins in the rest of the country. Some examples:

- Quebecers use more soft tranquillizers, such as Valium, than do English-Canadians.
- Barbecue- and dill-flavored potato chips are preferred in Quebec; the salt-and-vinegar variety is tops outside of the province.
- Quebec's favorite alcoholic drink is gin; English Canada prefers rye.
- The top-rated television program in Quebec last October was the Quebec-made drama *ma Blanche*, while a World Series baseball game was favored outside the province.
- Despite their strong Roman Catholic Church heritage, Quebec has the highest rate of single-parent families, common-law unions and divorce.
- Quebecers own fewer credit cards and owe less money on them.
- Quebec has the lowest birthrate in Canada.

BEST-SELLERS

FICTION

1. *The Celestine Prophecy*, James Redfield (2)
2. *Original Sin*, P. D. James (6)
3. *A Son of the Circus*, John Irving (3)
4. *The Body Farm*, Patricia Cornwell (4)
5. *Nothing Lasts Forever*, Sidney Sheldon
6. *Open Secrets*, Alice Munro
7. *Debt of Honor*, Tom Clancy (1)
8. *Brother Frank's Gospel Hour*, W. P. Kinsella (7)
9. *Half Asleep in Frog Pajamas*, Tom Robbins (5)
10. *Wild Horses*, Dick Francis

NONFICTION

1. *Right Honourable Men*, Michael Bliss (7)
2. *This Year in Jerusalem*, Mordecai Richler (1)
3. *Brando: Songs My Mother Taught Me*, Marlon Brando (6)
4. *Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus*, John Gray (4)
5. *Couplehood*, Paul Reiser (2)
6. *The Way We Are*, Margaret Visser (10)
7. *Baseball*, Geoffrey Ward and Ken Burns
8. *Breakup*, Lansing Lamont (5)
9. *In the Kitchen with Rosie*, Rosie Daley (3)
10. *Kids Are Worth It*, Barbara Coloroso (9)

() Position last week

Compiled by Brian Bethune



Schott (left) and Deion Sanders: troubled

BASEBALL'S TROUBLED HISTORY

Major-league baseball players have been on strike since Aug. 12, when they rejected the owners' demand for a salary cap. But as the ongoing nine-part PBS documentary *Baseball* has shown, fans have often been disappointed. In fact, in 1911, Walter (The Big Train) Johnson of the Washington Senators said of owner-player relations: "They quarrel over a bone and rend each other like coyotes." Some parallels with yesterday:

On cheap labor: In 1876, William A. Hulbert, owner of the Chicago White Stockings, said it was "ridiculous to pay ball players \$2,000 a year, especially when the \$800 boys do just as well." Two weeks ago, Cincinnati Reds owner Marge Schott said teams should finish the schedule with minor-league players. Added Schott: "Let's see the real players instead of the million-dollar babies."

On salary caps: In 1889, when team owners established a salary cap of \$2,500, the players moved to form a Players League. Now, two U.S. entrepreneurs, Donald Reagan and Gary Davidson, are proposing to form a new league.

On greed: In 1889, John Montgomery Ward of the New York Giants, said that the National League once stood for "integrity," but that "today it stands for dollars and cents." Last August, U.S. Labor Secretary Robert Reich declared that baseball is a huge industry in which there is "a huge amount of greed."

POP MOVIES

Top movies in Canada, ranked according to box-office receipts during the seven days that ended on Sept. 22. (In brackets: number of screens/weeks showing.)

1. *Timecop* (114/1)\$1,374,472
2. *Forrest Gump* (122/12)\$800,200
3. *Natural Born Killers* (103/4)\$508,700
4. *Clear and Present Danger* (101/8)\$389,300
5. *The Mask* (75/8)\$227,100
6. *True Lies* (65/10)\$224,600
7. *The Lion King* (55/13)\$224,000
8. *Trial by Jury* (81/2)\$170,900
9. *The Next Karate Kid* (67/2)\$146,400
10. *Milk Money* (61/4)\$119,900

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AND JUSTICE FOR ALL

After two intruders stole narcotics from Steve Bowskill's drugstore at 3 a.m. last Feb. 17, the Colborne, Ont., pharmacist shot out a tire in their getaway van—and his neighbors, clearly fed up with growing violence in the town, cheered. That night, police found the disabled van on a deserted side road, more than 15 km outside the town, and two men are now serving two-year jail sentences for robbery. But to local prosecutors, Bowskill is anything but a hero. On May 9, Bowskill, 44, who has been robbed eight times in the past two years—and who has a licence for his Colt .38-40 revolver—was charged with careless use of a firearm. Local residents have rallied to his cause, tying hundreds of yellow



Bowskill: seeking justice

I'm convicted, then I guess people don't." The authorities are clearly trying to teach Bowskill a lesson: next time, reach for the phone, instead of a gun.

IGNORING THE PRESS BAN

Following the July, 1993, manslaughter trial of Karla Homolka, Ontario Attorney General Marion Boyd had to assume the particularly onerous task of enforcing the publication ban on evidence presented against the 24-year-old woman from St. Catharines, Ont. Several U.S. publications, including *The Washington Post* and *Newsweek*, ignored the ban, which was imposed prior to Homolka's conviction in the sex slayings of teenagers Leslie Mahaffy and Kristen French. Her ex-husband, Paul Bernardo, is now awaiting trial on two counts of first-degree murder in the same case. And despite official government statements to the



Bernardo (left), Homolka: clamoring to tell their story

contrary, Boyd now appears to be ignoring breeches of the ban. Michael Wass, 28, of Hamilton, who is part of a group campaigning against the ban, told *Maclean's* that he has repeatedly distributed written information about the Homolka trial. In fact, Wass said that he even sent Boyd a registered letter containing copies of articles that broke the ban and challenged her to charge him. But Wass said that he has yet to hear from the police. As well, a comic book entitled *Killer Karla*, which graphically details horrific crimes, is being freely circulated throughout Ontario. Mean-

while, the first of several books about Bernardo and Homolka could be available to Canadians by Christmas. For one, Brian O'Neill a 32-year-old freelance writer from Saint John, N.B., spent two months at the Burlington, Ont., home of Robert and Deborah Mahaffy, Leslie's parents. And he said that his book would describe the crimes in detail. "I'm not thumbing my nose at anyone," says O'Neill. "It's just that the ban is not being enforced." At least for now.

Edited by TOM FENNELL

PASSAGES

SUSPENDED: A criminal investigation into allegations that megastar Michael Jackson, 36, had sexually abused a 13-year-old boy; by prosecutors in Southern California. The district attorneys for Los Angeles and Santa Barbara



said they would not file child molestation charges against Jackson because the alleged victim declined to testify. The boy, now 14, settled a civil suit against Jackson, who denies any wrongdoing, for a reported minimum \$10 million in January. The prosecutors added that they found the youth's statement credible and would leave the case open until the statute of limitations expires in five years. Jackson said he welcomed the end of the 14-month-long investigation and looked forward to raising a family with his new wife, Lisa Marie Presley.

DIED: Former tennis pro Vitas Gerulaitis, 40, from accidentally inhaling carbon monoxide; in a friend's Long Island, N.Y., home. Police said Gerulaitis was overcome while sleeping when fumes from a faulty propane heater seeped into the home's air-conditioning system. Ranked in the top 10 from 1977 to 1983, the popular Gerulaitis later acknowledged that his active night life and use of cocaine undercut his playing ability.

POSTPONED: By Pope John Paul II, 74, an Oct. 20 to 23 visit to the United States, including a UN speech, until November, 1995; in order to fully recover from a broken leg after slipping in his bath in April. A papal spokesman said the pontiff's health was otherwise fine.

APPOINTED: Former Quebec premier Robert Bourassa, 61, as a non-teaching associate professor of law at the University of Montreal. Bourassa, who retired in January, will supervise graduate students and conduct research.

DIED: Prolific songwriter and composer Julie Styne, 88, who is credited with discovering Barbra Streisand and Doris Day and wrote the classic musicals *Gypsy*, *Funny Girl* and *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*; of heart failure, in New York City. Among his best-known songs are *People*, *Time After Time*, *Everything's Coming Up Roses*, *Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend* and the Oscar-winning *Three Coins in the Fountain*.

RESIGNED: Popular veejay Erica Ehm, 32, from the MuchMusic cable channel, where she had become a fixture over the past decade, to devote more time to songwriting, acting and writing; in Toronto.



Elephant - Kruger National Park, Eastern Transvaal



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A WORLD IN ONE COUNTRY

COLUMN



What makes some men good lovers?

BY BARBARA AMIEL

For the past few weeks, I've been housebound, and this has given me time to catch up on my reading of women's magazines. As ever, the omnipresent topic is the lack of good men. There is, it seems, a crisis of galactic proportions in finding good men, whether as husbands, lovers or one-night stands. A discussion of the shortage appears under a variety of disguises such as Mildred Istone's editorial "What do men want?" in October's *Chatelaine*, or Kate Fillion writing about the unhappy copulatory experiences of the modern female in September's *Saturday Night*. The latest variant turned up, of all places, in London's conservative *Sunday Telegraph* newspaper where Petronella Wyatt began her weekly column last week with the cheerful, "Men are getting uglier; something that no doubt accounts for my state of almost impenetrable gloom."

What on earth is going on? Wyatt, 26, is a woman of considerable attractiveness. Her gloom is not to be discounted. Her gloom also coincided with a telephone call requesting that I write a piece about why English men are "so weedy." I had often wondered about that myself, and the coincidence did start me on a certain chain of thought.

The weedy look of English men has been a national characteristic for eons. Just as Bavarians look hearty, whether or not they are, English chaps look weedy, whether or not they are. Weediness is a mysterious quality that suggests a lack of mental robustness coupled with a certain physical limpness. I have no idea why one of the national characteristics of the English can be described this way, but then different nationalities get a good press for different things. If one asked men in the world to rate their sexual preferences in females by nationalities, I don't suppose English women would do very well. Mediterranean women are thought to be more passionate, French women more sophisticated and English women jolly good sports.

Women have been going on about the lack of good men ever since the Garden of Eden, and that, I think, is where the trouble began

Discussions about where good lovers have gone, and contemporary musings about the problem with men today being the fault of feminism or global warming, are beside the point. Feminism neither created nor can it solve this issue. Women have been going on about the lack of good men ever since the Garden of Eden, and that, I think, is where the trouble began. This entire matter stems from a simple biological difference between the genders, and it is this: the male of the species requires less time and friction to reach a state of sublime ecstasy than does the female. This fundamental disparity, which nature arranged for its own unknowable reasons, has consequences that have given birth to a whole body of psychosocial and psychoerotic and even moral literature. The immense body of work about what makes a good lover really boils down to the simple fact that during lovemaking men hear bells ringing before women.

The consequences of this are evident, and I must say I can see the male predicament. Having had their moment, a man is faced with the choice of continuing out of politeness or stopping. Biological limitations may

make continuation impossible. Ultimately, the psychological tension between the courtesy and goodwill of men and their natural boredom with making silly thrusting movements that serve no purpose to them, is at the root of the debate.

A very beautiful and knowing European princess told me that North American men were in some ways more desirable than Europeans. North Americans, she said, were less sophisticated sexually, but they were more reliable, consistent and had more mature egos. The French, she said, were egocentric, and the Italians childish. But, ah, the Americans. Prying a little more, I came to the conclusion that what she really meant was that the culture of American men emphasized catering to women. This has long been a complaint of British men. In a November, 1946, column, George Orwell reviewed an American fashion magazine. "On the cover," he wrote, "there is a colored photo of the usual elegant female standing on a chair, while a grey-haired, spectacled, crushed-looking man in shirt-sleeves kneels at her feet, doing something to the hem of her skirt... not a bad symbolical picture of American civilization, or at least of one important side of it." If Orwell were writing this essay today, he might take a dig at the willingness of many American men to ask, at the conclusion of lovemaking, that peculiar question, "Was it all right for you?" Women who hear that question know the answer is generally, "No, it wasn't." Good lovers, paradoxically, want to please no one but themselves.

Asking this peculiar question is, of course, politically correct these days, but it is also an indication of a relatively simple person, which can be a very attractive quality in a lover. Simple people are not necessarily simple-minded or unintelligent, they are just not psychologically complex. Complexity is an awful pain in the neck in lovers. It can create mood swings, whining and sometimes meanness. If you are having a romantic dinner with a Niels Bohr sort of person, for example, there is a very good chance he might abstractly walk to another table and start writing down symbols on the tablecloth. I recall being wooed by a psychologically complex man who did not realize he had left me in the restaurant at the end of our meal until he and his taxi arrived at my front door with neither me nor my key to get in out of the rain.

Ultimately, there is a culturally induced aspect to all this. British culture reveres the stiff upper lip in men and that usually goes with constipated other parts. British culture also places a high value on standoffishness, eccentricity and complexity. No doubt there are a number of British men who would like to be as simple as Americans, just as a number of Americans may wish to be as weedy as the British, but neither side can do so because it is inappropriate. In the end, I am unconvinced that there is any problem with men and think they do rather well under modern circumstances. But our times foolishly decree a redesign of the male psyche, rather than face phallic realities.

STORM WARNINGS

The Liberals gird for battle over social reforms

Lloyd Axworthy does not look like a man under pressure as he sprawls back on the small sofa in his cramped and narrow Parliament Hill office that is, by Ottawa standards for senior ministers, almost monk-like. Relaxed he may be, feet up and comfortable, but the minister of human resources, who presides over a department that accounts for slightly more than half of every dollar that Ottawa spends, is in the eye of a building storm. His plan to remake unemployment insurance, federal welfare funding and other social programs—to be tabled next week in the House of Commons—is shaping up as the centrepiece of the rest of the Liberal government's mandate. The forces that will be arrayed against him, including many provinces, are formidable. Still, Axworthy downplays the risks of failure. "I don't treat it as Armageddon," he says.

Maybe not, but many Liberals are counting on the veteran Manitoba MP to deliver. Chief among them is Finance Minister Paul Martin, who is expecting that a reform of social programs will help him to meet his target of reducing the federal deficit from its expected current level of \$39.7 billion to \$25 billion by 1996-1997. And with national unity again at risk, the Liberals desperately need to prove that reform is possible, that broken programs can be fixed. In fact, government insiders say the stakes are much higher than Axworthy lets on, and that a government with not a lot to show for its first 11 months in office needs a visible accomplishment.

That is what Axworthy will be aiming for when he stands up in the Commons to unveil what his officials are calling an "options paper" on social program reform. It will set out an array of alternatives for reform of \$40 billion worth of government programs: unemployment insurance, skills training, federal cost-shared funding of welfare through the Canada Assistance Plan, federal funding for colleges and universities, the child tax benefit and the working income supplement. The proposals will include:

- Returning to the roots of UI, when it was a program to help people temporarily between jobs. Claimants would get more counselling and more opportunities for training. There would be tighter rules for fre-

quent UI claimants—perhaps a requirement to do community work or undergo training. There could also be an incomes test tied to family income that might limit claims, for example, by people who lose their jobs but whose spouses still earn substantial salaries.

- Directing welfare payments to children,

could continue to set national standards.

- Eliminating direct federal grants to the provinces for postsecondary education, with the money instead going directly to college and university students in the form of loans. Repayment of loans could be tied to future earnings.

The basic thrust of what Axworthy will tell the Commons is that social programs must do a better job of getting people into the labor force and ending a culture of welfare dependency. But even after hearing what the minister has to say, Canadians will have no real idea which options, from a sometimes conflicting list, Axworthy and the government are leaning towards. Should Ottawa set national standards for welfare? Should people who repeatedly claim UI—such as those in seasonal industries like fishing and forestry—be eligible for benefits, and what constitutes a repeated claim? Should part-time workers be eligible for UI? The only sure thing is that the government will stress its dislike for the status quo. "We have programs of assistance that have huge administrative costs, which have enormous disincentives, which don't put the money in the right places," Axworthy reflected last week. "They were designed in the '40s or '50s or '60s with very different purposes, and now you're trying to put a square plug in a round hole."

A discussion paper was not what Axworthy had in mind back in January, when the government was in the first blush of power and anything seemed possible. Then, he intended to table an action plan, instead of a mere list of options, and he intended to do it in April rather than October. By late fall, Axworthy had hoped to draft legislation that would be implemented next year. How that timetable went badly awry illustrates the challenges that confront the government as it overhauls Canada's social safety net. The provinces complained that they were not being consulted. Quebec, then under the strongly federalist Liberals, complained that Ottawa was bent on a power grab. Next, came the Quebec election campaign. Finally, Axworthy's cabinet colleagues looked at what he was proposing and got cold feet about approving any firm proposals. Axworthy insists that his plan is still on course, but he admits: "Once we launched



Axworthy: 'I don't treat it as Armageddon'

so that parents would not lose benefits if they take a job.

- Increasing the child tax credit, but targeting it more directly to the poor.

- Ending federal cost-sharing of welfare, with Ottawa instead making outright grants. Provinces would be allowed to administer the funds as they saw fit, leaving open the question of whether Ottawa



A Toronto food bank: proposals aimed at ending a culture of welfare dependency

the process, I think there were a lot of new variables and factors that came into play."

Bernard Valcourt knows a lot about new variables. Now a lawyer in Edmundston, N.B., he was Axworthy's Tory predecessor as human resources minister and wanted the Tories to announce their plans for social program reform before last fall's federal election. But then Kim Campbell's government backed off when they weighed the risks. "Poor Lloyd, he's got a full plate in front of him," says Valcourt. The problem, he believes, is that Canadians know that change is required but are nervous about exactly what change they will get, "in part because they may need these programs for themselves."

But Axworthy maintains that Canadians are on his side. He points to a poll, commissioned by the government and conducted by the Angus Reid Group in June, which indicated that 72 per cent of Canadians think that reforming social programs is a good idea. The poll suggested that Canadians believe social programs are inefficient and too expensive—but at the same time, they see such programs as compassionate and essential measures. "There is very broad public interest, demand and support for some serious changes," Axworthy said. "If we can tap into that will that's out there, I think it will work."

Bob Pringle, social services minister in Saskatchewan's NDP government and a for-

mer social worker, agrees that reform is badly needed, and says he is prepared to work with Axworthy. For his part, Axworthy says he wants to sit down with the provinces to "do the reforms together." It is not clear, though, whether he will get all 10 provinces to the table. In Quebec, the Parti Québécois had indicated before it won the Sept. 12 election that it would not participate, and since then Bloc Québécois Leader Lucien Bouchard has called social reform "a shameful offensive against Quebec's constitutional position." But even among provinces inclined to be more supportive, the mood could change quickly if it seemed that Axworthy was acting only as Martin's handmaiden in slashing the deficit. "If this is just a budget-reduction exercise," says Pringle, "then we're not going along with it." Axworthy explicitly denies that charge: "I am not doing this as a stand-in for the minister of finance."

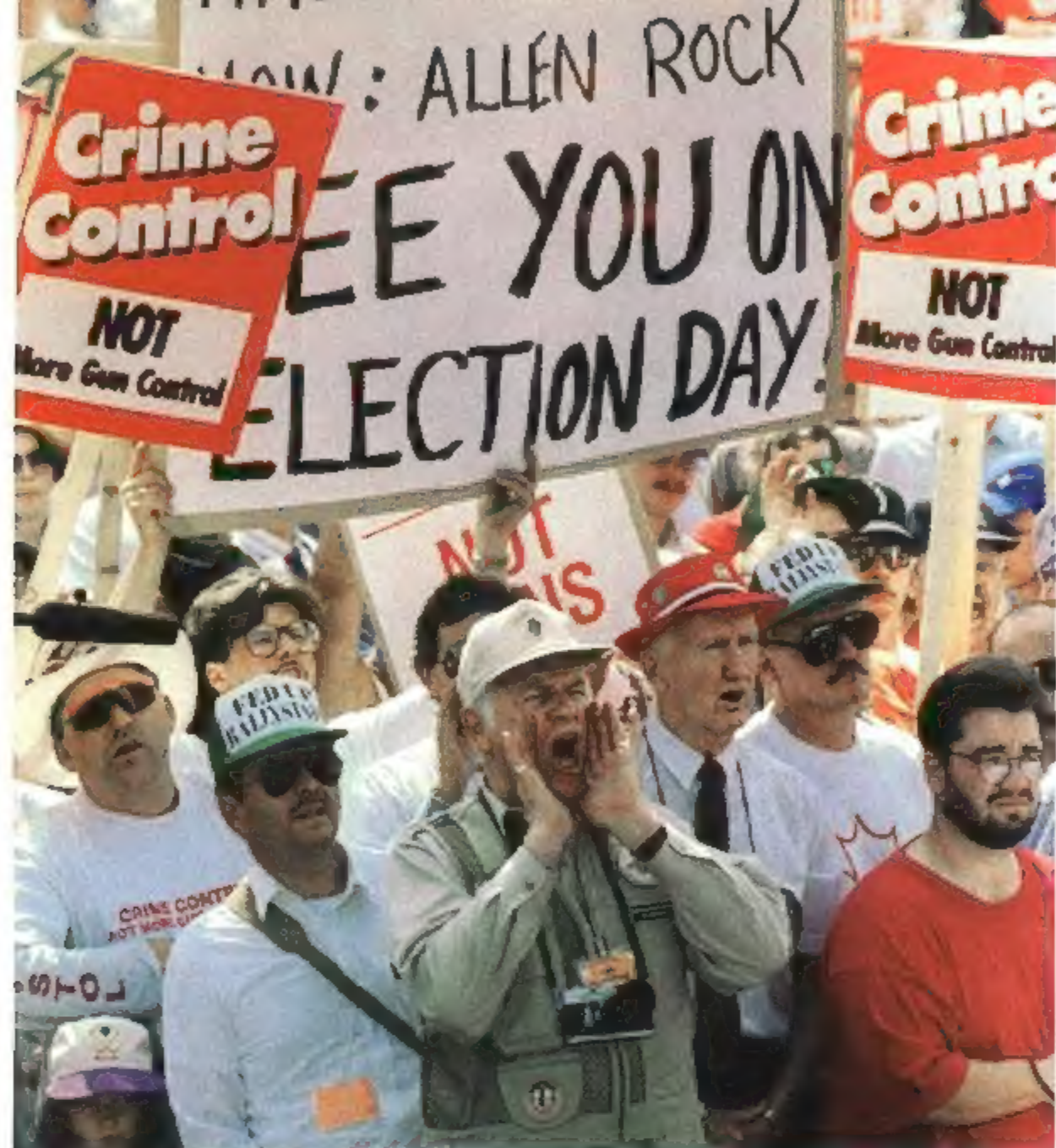
Still, there remains a suspicion among critics that Axworthy, long identified with the left wing of the Liberal party, is fronting for Martin. A finance department paper released in advance of last February's federal budget noted in capital letters that Canada spends more on social assistance than its major trading partners, and that its UI system is far more generous than those in other major industrialized countries. The budget announced cuts of \$2.4 billion a year in UI and noted that

"reform will lead to further significant reductions in unemployment insurance expenditures" that would allow "significant reductions" in premiums. That promise will restrain Axworthy's ability to shift savings from UI into job training.

Martin also set a budget expectation for Axworthy to trim annual federal spending on welfare and postsecondary education by at least \$1.5 billion in 1996-1997. "The objectives for social security reform are clear; the savings parameters are firm," the budget said. Francine Lalonde, social affairs critic for the Bloc Québécois, says there is no doubt about Axworthy's true intentions. "Their main aim is to make cuts," she says. "That is what Mr. Axworthy is being asked to do."

Axworthy recognizes the need to assuage such concerns. He does not intend to repeat the failure of Liberal predecessor Marc Lalonde, who introduced a discussion paper on social security reform in 1973 that was as ambitious as what Axworthy is trying to accomplish today, but which died after opposition from the provinces. "We'll work very hard to make it work," he says. But, he adds, "the government can only act as much as a consensus that you feel in the public will allow you." In the end, whether the social safety net is remade in Lloyd Axworthy's image will depend very much on Canadians themselves.

WARREN CARAGATA with LUKE FISHER
in Ottawa



The pro-gun rally on Parliament Hill; Rock (below): emotional debate

the middle of a divisive debate, Ontario Liberal MP Paul Steckle (Huron/Bruce), a longtime hunter, says his office has been overwhelmed with mail from outraged gun owners. After last week's demonstration on Parliament Hill, Steckle told *Maclean's* that he thinks Rock should back off. "We are rushing into this too quickly," he said. Another Liberal backbencher, Benoît Serré (Timiskaming/French River), has distributed a discussion paper to the party's caucus calling a total ban on handguns "impractical and ineffective."

The gun owners' groups are matched in emotional firepower by national organizations such as Victims of Violence, whose leaders say that handguns are designed simply for concealment and have no place in Canada. Just a couple of hours before the gun owners invaded Parliament Hill, the group brought families of the victims of some of Canada's most sensational murders to Ottawa to deliver heart-wrenching pleas for government action. The group's president, Robert MacNamara, admitted that he was impressed by the gun lobby's newfound clout. But he pointed to opinion polls showing that as many as 75 per cent of Canadians favor tighter controls. MacNamara, who became an activist after his brother Patrick was killed in 1989 by a man wielding a handgun, said of the gun owners: "They're a minority—a very vocal minority."

However, with as many as six million Canadians owning firearms, the federal government faces what is potentially a large and determined minority. Learning from their opponents, pro-gun groups have realized the political impact of a tragic story. Protesters wore black armbands and dedicated their rally to the memory of Roger Paré, a strong opponent of firearm restrictions who was shot to death on Sept. 14 during a holdup at his gun store in Oshawa, Ont. John Perocchio, president of the Canadian Firearms Action Council, insisted that further restrictions will only inconvenience legitimate gun owners and fail to address the fundamental problem: lack of enforcement of current federal laws. Campaigners complain that existing laws requiring automatic jail terms for criminals who use firearms have been weakened because the extra penalties are often plea-bargained away. "Enough is enough," said Perocchio. "We won't put up with it."

Indeed, gun owners believe that they have Rock on the run. Gun control proved divisive for the Tories, whose government was forced to water down tough new restrictions after it brought in legislation in 1990. Then-Justice Minister Kim Campbell introduced another bill the following year, which prohibited the purchase of certain types of assault weapons and submachine-guns. Leaders of the new gun

lobby clearly hope that they can force the Liberal government to make a similar retreat. Merv Grunow, president of the Responsible Firearms Owners of Alberta, said that Rock has already distanced himself from a total ban on handguns because of vocal opposition. Said Grunow: "It's the old story—the squeaky wheel gets the grease."

In fact, Rock has been speaking to groups in many rural areas in recent months about his proposals. He has said he is considering changes in three key areas: a crackdown on illegal weapons; increased sentences for those who use guns while committing crimes; setting up a national registry of all firearms (registration is now required only for handguns and certain restricted weapons). "I will only recommend the registration system if it works, and if it can be put in place without undue expense to the firearm owner," Rock told *Maclean's* last week. "If we have a registration system, it will be phased in to minimize inconvenience." At the same time, the minister insists that he will not prevent hunters and sport shooters from enjoying their pursuits when he introduces his proposals, expected before Christmas. "Our object is not to harass people or interfere with their enjoyment of a legitimate sport," he said. "The object is to achieve public safety, as we do with automobiles and every other piece of property in the country."

Whatever Rock's proposals, they are likely to get a cold reception from the Reform party, with its base in the West and in rural areas. With many rural Canadians strongly opposed to tighter controls, Reform MPs like Albertan Ray Speaker have taken up the fight against tighter regulation, suggesting that Rock is appealing to fear of crime among more numerous urban voters. Reform sees this as an opportunity to chip away at Liberal popularity. After mingling with T-shirt and hunting-cap-clad demonstrators, Speaker said: "This issue goes to the hearts of people where I am."

For Robert Campbell, the widespread image of gun owners as "some sort of weirdos" is heartbreaking. "You know what the gun lobby is?" he asked last week, gesturing to the chanting crowd. "It's all these honest people who are fed up." But both sides have compelling arguments. MacNamara of Victims of Violence pointed to the continuing carnage in Canada, where 1,400 people died by gunfire last year. "I really wish the pro-gun groups would stop and think how this could help Canadians," he said. With so many people so angry, the government's final decision on which way to go will likely fall to Prime Minister Jean Chrétien himself.

LUKE FISHER in Ottawa

Down in flames

Political feuds decimate the National party

It started with lofty ideals. Founded in November, 1992, the National Party of Canada was supposed to fight the good fight for economic nationalism, grassroots democracy and ethics in government. But since last fall's federal election, in which its candidates fared dismally, the party has been riven by political infighting—much of it centred on a fierce power struggle between two of its founding members, Edmonton author Mel Hurtig and Winnipeg millionaire William Loewen. Last week, after a raucous meeting in Toronto, the party's

nationalists gathered in Ottawa to launch the National party. To signal its independence, the new party made a point of refusing all donations from trade unions and corporations. But it later accepted a \$4.7-million donation from its founding president, Loewen. There was no danger of Loewen exerting undue influence, explained party leader Hurtig, because the businessman was "one of the most altruistic men I've ever encountered."

But following the election result—the National party ran 171 candidates, including Hurtig and Loewen, but won less than two per cent of the vote and no seats—the two co-founders had a serious falling-out. Last spring, an Ontario judge rejected a legal challenge by Loewen aimed at wresting control over the party's executive from Hurtig and his supporters. In June, Hurtig beat back a leadership challenge by a Loewen-supported candidate—but not before Loewen had circulated an open letter to the membership accusing Hurtig of being dictatorial and opportunistic. Then, on Aug. 29, Hurtig abruptly resigned the leadership, complaining that the party was "in disarray" and that neither he nor Whetung, who was elected president in June, could obtain satisfactory information about the party's finances from other executive members.

Whetung repeated that charge last week, stating that Stephenson and others had refused to show him the party's financial records—including an accounting of what had happened to \$480,000 worth of Elections Canada rebates. He also insisted that the party was not dead, despite the executive's motion to disband it. Stephenson said that Whetung had been shown all of the party's financial records and accused him of waging a campaign of "unsupported, unsupportable allegations, scandals and outrage."

Hurtig, meanwhile, seemed determined to stay above the fray. The events of last week, he told *Maclean's*, were tragic, "but unfortunately it's a tragedy dominated by farce." The former publisher added that although he was saddened by the apparent destruction of the National party, he was also greatly relieved to no longer be part of what he called "the nonsensical, inane infighting." And while some may seek to revive the party, Hurtig has no interest in being part of that effort. The author of the recent best-seller, *The Betrayal of Canada*, Hurtig said that he has two new books under way and that he now intends to stick with the power of the pen.

BRIAN BERGMAN



Hurtig: 'a tragedy dominated by farce'

executive council, led by vice-president Bill Stephenson, voted to disband the organization—an action that the party's Vancouver-based president, Dan Whetung, later described as illegal. Both executives, meanwhile, claimed to have expelled the other from serving in any official capacity with the National party. "This is no longer a party," Stephenson told *Maclean's*. "This is a family bitterly divided upon itself."

The acrimony last week seemed a far cry from the optimism that prevailed when Hurtig, Loewen and about 40 other ardent

CANADA

In the crossfire

In the late 1960s, Robert Campbell fought hard against gun control as a member of a group called Firearms and Responsible Ownership. He even appeared before a parliamentary committee to denounce proposed legislation to tighten restrictions on guns, and what he saw as growing public paranoia about firearms. For the 50-year-old Campbell—a manager with an Ottawa telecommunications firm who is still a gun collector—not much has changed in the past 25 years. Last Thursday, he found himself back on Parliament Hill to denounce the Liberal government's plans for tighter gun control. Except this time, he was joined by 10,000 noisy gun owners determined to block further restrictions on their weapons. "We are just seeing the same old crap here," said Campbell. "We are not the problem and we never have been."

The Ottawa rally brought the emotional issue of gun control to the steps of Parliament. For the past several months, dozens of groups representing hunters, sport shooters and gun collectors have organized rallies

across the country and mobilized a powerful movement against Justice Minister Allan Rock's proposals for more restrictions. Last week, demonstrators waved placards bearing such slogans as "I'm a sportsman, not a hit man" and "Adolf Hitler favored gun control, too," and booed Rock when he addressed them. Through an effective mail-in and phone campaign, they have persuaded as many as 30 Liberal MPs to distance themselves from some of Rock's proposals, such as banning handguns in cities.

That has left the governing party caught in

Firearms owners lobby Ottawa to drop plans for tougher gun control



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Canada NOTES

MINE JURY CHOSEN

A jury of eight women and four men was selected for the trial of a former Yellowknife miner who is charged with killing nine other miners in September, 1992, during a bitter labor dispute at the Giant gold mine. Roger Warren, a unionized miner, has pleaded not guilty to nine counts of first-degree murder. The miners, who included three replacement workers and six union members who had crossed a picket line, died as a result of an underground explosion at the mine. Warren's trial is to begin on Oct. 20.

OFFICIALS OUT

Two senior officials who were severely criticized for their handling of sex-abuse complaints at the Kingsclear reform school near Fredericton have been removed from their jobs. New Brunswick Premier Frank McKenna said that Deputy Solicitor General Bill Connor will take early retirement, while senior corrections supervisor Ian Culligan has been placed on indefinite leave. Both men came under fire at a public inquiry into abuse against boys at the Kingsclear school.

REFORMERS IN QUEBEC

The Reform party took steps towards establishing a presence in Quebec by forming its first two riding associations there. They are in the ridings of Pontiac/Gatineau/Labell, bordering on Hull, Que., and Mégantic/Compton/Stanstead, near Sherbrooke in the Eastern Townships. Reform also plans to run a candidate when a byelection is held in neighboring Brome/Missisquoi riding, left vacant when Bloc Québécois MP Gaston Pelquin died in a car crash.

GIRL FOUND DEAD

The body of a 13-year-old girl who had been missing for three days was found 40 km north of The Pas, Man. Hundreds of volunteers had looked for Sarah Kelly in dense bush outside the city of 7,000 people in northern Manitoba. Police said they had a suspect in the death.

BACK TO COURT

Alberta Attorney General Ken Rostad is sending Jim Keegstra's case to the Supreme Court of Canada for a second time to decide if the Alberta Court of Appeal erred on a point of procedure when it overturned Keegstra's second conviction for violating Canada's hate law. By launching the appeal, the provincial government has potentially sidestepped the contentious issue of ordering a third trial for Keegstra, a former teacher who has been convicted twice of wilfully promoting hatred against Jews.

No relief for sports fans

Sports fans must be getting used to bad news. Hard on the heels of the season-ending baseball strike, fans were told last week that the Hamilton Tiger-Cats of the Canadian Football League could not meet their payroll obligations and might not survive the season without emergency financing. League officials were hard at work at week's end, trying to prop up the storied franchise and protect the image of the league to possible investors. But the franchise's long-term prospects appeared bleak.

The bad news got worse when National Hockey League commissioner Gary Bettman threatened to postpone the 1994-1995 season until the league and its players negotiate a new collective agreement. That, however, could take months because the two sides are so far apart, and the season is scheduled to begin on Oct. 1. Bettman, a former basketball executive who was hired as commissioner in February, 1993, insists that salaries be tied to team revenues



Bettman: no hockey?

in order to protect low-revenue franchises. The players proposed to create a pool of funds for small-market clubs that would be generated by a tax on teams' payrolls and gate receipts. Neither plan bridged the differences between the two, and although further talks were planned for this week, there was little optimism. "I don't know if the season is at risk," said players union boss Bob Goodenow, "but I can tell you part of the season is at risk."

The possible postponement comes at a critical time for the NHL. Hockey is enjoying record interest in the once blasé U.S. market. For the first time in decades, the league has a lucrative American network TV contract—with Fox Broadcasting. And in the absence of baseball and before the basketball season begins, the NHL had an opportunity to gain new fans and corporate sponsors. "For the good of the game," said Pittsburgh centre Ron Francis, "it would be great to have the show going on and taking some of that market share."

A war of words

The first major skirmish in the national-unity wars since the Sept. 12 election of the Parti Québécois centred on the timing of a referendum on Quebec independence. Bloc Québécois Leader Lucien Bouchard fired the first shot, telling reporters in Ottawa that PQ Leader Jacques Parizeau should not feel compelled to honor his promise to hold a referendum in 1995. Instead, said Bouchard, the vote should only be held when the separatist side is sure of victory. Prime Minister Jean Chrétien then gleefully entered the fray, saying that Parizeau had assured him in a private telephone conversation that he still intended to call the referendum within the next 10 months. That, in turn, sparked a sharp written rebuttal from Parizeau, who insisted that he had given Chrétien no such assurances.

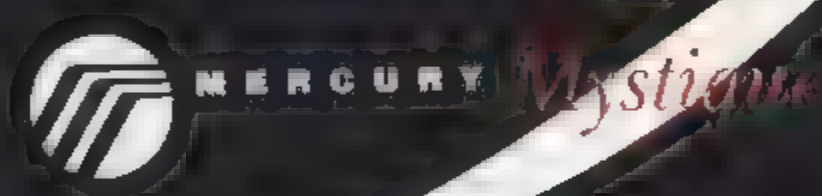
While the verbal sniping between Ottawa and Quebec City continued, Alberta's Ralph Klein became the first premier to visit Quebec since the election. Speaking to the Sherbrooke

Chamber of Commerce, Klein spoke glowingly about the benefits of federalism. "I love Canada, and Albertans love Canada," he said. "This is not a nation that has failed." Klein added that he hoped Quebecers would decisively reject the PQ's attempt to tear the nation asunder. "Millions of Canadians," he said, "hope you stay within Canada."

Mission extended

Defence Minister David Collette announced that Canada will keep its nearly 2,000 peacekeeping troops in Bosnia and Croatia for a further six months after its current mandate there expires at the end of September. But he cautioned that the decision could be reviewed if political or military changes in the former Yugoslavia endanger Canadian troops or call the effectiveness of UN peacekeeping efforts into question. Collette's remarks suggested that Canada might pull out if the United States goes ahead with a threat to lift an arms embargo against Bosnian Muslims, or if Bosnian Serbs continue to reject international peace plans.

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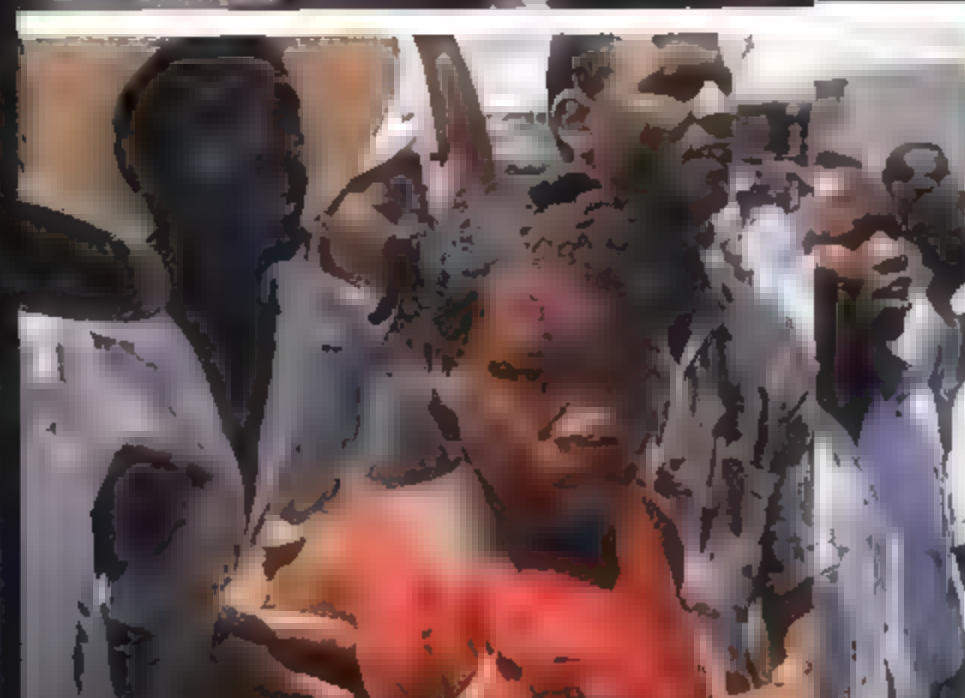
U.S. troops occupy a beleaguered country. Now, the hard part begins.

POLICING HAITI

After months of threats and escalating tension, the arrival of American troops in Haiti last week proved mercifully peaceful. Instead of gunfire, there was widespread jubilation—the result of an eleventh-hour deal struck by former U.S. president Jimmy Carter with Haitian dictator Lt.-Gen. Raoul Cédras, whose cronies have terrorized the Caribbean nation since ousting democratically elected Jean-Bertrand Aristide in 1991. But although the regime promised to surrender power by Oct. 15, the Americans and their UN allies, including Canada, still face a daunting array of challenges. Can Cédras and his men be trusted? Is a stable government even possible in a country where for two centuries political opponents have routinely slaughtered one another? As the UN-sanctioned intervention force prepared the ground for the scheduled arrival this week of the first wave of Canadian police and peacekeepers, Maclean's Montreal Bureau Chief Barry Came filed this report from the Haitian capital of Port-au-Prince.

Like squatters in a high-technology age, the U.S. military began the long process of digging in to take over Haiti last week. Five days after moving into the blood-spattered and beleaguered Caribbean nation, close to 9,000 soldiers had arrived from what is expected to be a force eventually numbering more than 15,000. The majority of the troops came from the U.S. Army's 10th Mountain Division, a storied unit of 12,000 battle-tested light infantrymen normally based about 50 km south of Kingston, Ontario, in Watertown, N.Y. And while most had not moved much beyond the boundaries of Port-au-Prince, in the overcrowded capital itself the troopers from the 10th Mountain were well in evidence.

At the airport on the outskirts of the city, the presence was so massive that it



Haitians greet arriving U.S. soldiers in Port-au-Prince; Haitian woman after police beating (left); Aristide (far left): ending a reign of terror

continued to draw throngs of curious Haitians, creating often-bizarre scenes. Thousands strong, the crowds lined the wire-mesh fence surrounding the airport, chattering happily among themselves while gulping local bottled water and gawking at the mystifying activity beyond. Peering back from the other side of the fence, only a few feet away, were the young troopers from the 10th Mountain—bivouacked in freshly dug foxholes under camouflaged tents, dressed in identically camouflaged jungle fatigues and armed to the teeth. Overhead, a steady stream of helicopters beat the air while just beyond, the airport's tarmac lay jammed with the panoply of modern warfare. Tanks and armored vehicles bristling with antennas were parked along the airstrip's perimeter, guarding the huge Galaxy C-5A jet transports that occasionally lumbered along the run-

way in preparation for takeoff. Sometimes, there were exchanges between the two worlds. One day last week, for example, a young man clad in a T-shirt, blue jeans and a battered Chicago White Sox baseball cap wrapped his fingers around the fence's mesh and shouted at a grimly serious, heavily sweating soldier, roughly the same age. "Thank you," the Haitian called in English, repeating the phrase over and over until he finally managed to wrest a smile and a wave from the blond-haired, blue-eyed trooper. "I just wanted to come and have a look at soldiers you don't have to fear," the Haitian, who identified himself as Evans Desbiens, later remarked in French. The 28-year-old operator of a small photocopying stall in downtown Port-au-Prince said he was overjoyed at the arrival of the American troops, who might finally bring enough peace and stability to Haiti to allow him to, as he put it, "get on with my life."

Elsewhere, however, there were signs of deeply rooted enmity between those who suffered most under the Cédras regime and the more prosperous, fair-skinned elite. Outside a downtown Port-au-Prince hotel, a group of taxi drivers whose vehicles were blocking the driveway reacted angrily when the building's owner asked them to move. "I'm not going to take this shit any more," one of the drivers erupted. "The Americans are in charge of security here now."

Not all Haitians were as pleased with the prospect of what may well turn out to be a lasting occupation of the country. Chief among those last week were the 200 soldiers attached to the Haitian army's Heavy Weapons Company. A notorious unit based in the village of Frère in the hills overlooking the capital, the company is widely viewed as a symbol of all that is wrong with the Haitian military. It has played a key role in almost every military coup that Haiti has suffered in recent years, including the one that overthrew Aristide. Armed with around 50 anti-aircraft guns and a dozen armored personnel carriers, the company is well trained and well equipped by the meagre standards of the Haitian armed forces. But the Heavy Weapons Company is now in the process of being disarmed and dismantled by the commanders of the U.S. military in Haiti.

The action was taken last week in the wake of the furor that followed when club-wielding Haitian police and soldiers beat to death at least two pro-American demonstrators within sight of the 10th Mountain troopers guarding the seaport. After paying a visit to Haitian military commander Raoul Cédras a day after the incident, the overall U.S. commander, Lt.-Gen. Hugh Shelton, ordered the destruction of all of the Heavy Weapons Company's equipment and the dispersal of the troops attached to the unit. Meanwhile, U.S. Defence Secretary William Perry hastily dispatched 1,000 military police to Haiti and announced

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new rules of engagement allowing American troops to use deadly force to keep the peace.

In the eyes of most Haitians, those moves were the first significant steps towards the eventual reform of the entire Haitian armed forces. "It was a very telling action," said one South American ambassador who knows the country well. "Everyone here is fully aware of that particular unit's importance, both actually and symbolically."

Within hours of their landing in Port-au-Prince, the U.S. troops sent another clear message to Cédras's loyalists by taking control of Fort Dimanche, a walled two-acre compound whose Haitian guardians surrendered without a fight. "Fort Dimanche is the most feared place in Haiti," said 2nd Lieut. Jeffrey Shuck, the 24-year-old commander of the U.S. platoon assigned to capture the facility. "Thousands upon thousands of people have checked in here and never come out." Indeed, dictators François (Papa Doc) Duvalier and his son, Jean-Claude (Baby Doc), used the innocuous mustard-colored buildings to torture and murder opponents during their nearly three-decade reign of terror. Shuck's platoon found that the barracks had been transformed from dungeons into storerooms for the piles of weapons used by civilian paramilitary groups, the notorious *at-tachés* who terrorized poor Haitians in the nearby Cité Soleil slum. Locked behind heavy metal gates were stacks of assorted guns that ranged from American Civil War muskets to Israeli-made Galil automatic weapons. Said Shuck: "There's no more fear in Fort Dimanche."

By week's end, however, the U.S. presence could only be felt in the capital and around Cap-Haïtien, the country's second-largest city on the island's north coast. Certainly, there were few signs of any U.S. military activity in the area between Port-au-Prince and the frontier with the Dominican Republic, 60 km to the east. At the main border crossing at Mal Paso, wedged between a mountain ridge and the shores of a saltwater lake, it was very much business as usual. As border guards from both countries looked on, a stream of small rowboats transporting contraband, mostly gasoline, traversed the lake. Anyone else trying to cross the frontier had a more difficult time. Haitian army officers at the post even refused entry last week to a United States Information Service officer stationed at the U.S. Embassy in Santo Domingo.

In view of the rapidly building U.S. military presence elsewhere, that situation is unlikely to last much longer. A more important issue is how long the occupation itself will last. In Washington, Gen. John Shalikashvili, chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, said that the U.S. military operation "must be measured in months rather than weeks." A second phase of the operation, under a multinational UN force including Canada, will provide humanitarian aid and train a new Haitian police force

(page 24). Shalikashvili predicted that the UN troops would remain in the country through Haiti's next scheduled presidential elections in December, 1995, and should be able to leave "no later than February or March, 1996."

Despite that, Haiti's rulers showed little evidence last week that they were preparing to step down by Oct. 15. The government of provisional President Emile Jonassaint issued a communiqué banning all public demonstrations and ordering police "to take all necessary measures" to maintain public order. In a later statement, the government said that it would "very soon" announce a timetable for elections by the end of the year to select more than 2,000 senators, parliamentary deputies, mayors and local officials.

Meanwhile, some independent analysts warned of the danger of long-term instability

in Haiti. They noted that the military rulers who signed last week's accord—notably Cédras and his right-hand man, Brig-Gen Philippe Biamby—are the same men who gave a solemn undertaking in July, 1993, that they would step down and leave the country. Instead, the junta blatantly defied the so-called Governors Island agreement. Last week's pact, which was far less stringent than the earlier agreement, gave Cédras, Biamby and Port-au-Prince police chief Lt.-Col. Michel François the right to stay in Haiti, immune from prosecution for the deaths of some 3,000 Aristide supporters since the 1991 coup—and free to pursue their own political agenda. Their presence is certain to complicate the already awesome task of transforming the hemisphere's poorest country into a peaceable democracy. □



A TROUBLED HISTORY

Jan. 1, 1804: Haiti declares independence from France.

July 28, 1915: U.S. troops invade Haiti after the assassination of its president, in order to protect American interests during the First World War. It is the beginning of a 19-year occupation.

Sept. 22, 1957: François (Papa Doc) Duvalier is elected president. He amends the constitution in 1964 to make himself president for life and rules as a dictator until his death in 1971.

April 22, 1971: Duvalier's son, 19-year-old Jean-Claude, inherits his father's position. After popular protests, he flees to France in February, 1986.

Dec. 16, 1990: After four years of provisional



governments marked by strikes, violent protests and killings by state forces, Rev. Jean-Bertrand Aristide wins Haiti's first democratic presidential election.

Sept. 30, 1991: A military coup overthrows Aristide, who goes into exile in the United States and appeals for world support.

June 23, 1993: The UN Security Council imposes a worldwide oil embargo on Haiti and freezes Haitian assets abroad.

Sept. 18, 1994: Jimmy Carter averts a U.S. military invasion by securing promises from Haiti's military rulers to resign.



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OUR MAN IN HAITI

A veteran RCMP officer prepares to reform a notorious police force

As a football player at Notre Dame High School in Welland, Ont., more than three decades ago, Neil Pouliot was "a natural leader and tireless worker," his onetime coach recalled last week. The bus from Welland to Pouliot's home in Niagara Falls—a 25-minute drive away—used to depart from the school immediately after practice, but Pouliot, anxious to gain extra workout time, routinely skipped the bus and hitched home much later. The coach and player later followed different paths to the same city: Gilbert Parent is now member of Parliament for the riding of Welland/St. Catharines/Thorold, as well as Speaker of the House of Commons. Perhaps the only equally notable Notre Dame alumnus is his former lineman: the 52-year-old Pouliot is a chief superintendent with the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Ottawa.

If all goes according to plan, this week Pouliot will add a new achievement to an already long list: he will become Haiti's top cop for the next nine months, serving as chief commissioner of the United Nations' multinational police force on the violence-scarred island. That assignment, Pouliot told *Maclean's* in an interview from UN headquarters in New York City, where he was attending briefing sessions all last week, promises to be "as demanding—and rewarding—as anything I have ever done."

In the context of a 32-year RCMP career conducted largely in the netherworld of anti-drug operations in more than half a dozen countries, that is no small assertion. Many of the details of Pouliot's career remain confidential, including the identities of the people he has worked alongside—and against. But the information that has been made public is impressive: Pouliot's personal and professional life is the stuff of which RCMP recruiting films are made. "He is," says Parent, "one of the most unassuming but remarkable men I have ever known." An avid family man, Pouliot, his wife, Marlene, and three grown children are Sunday fixtures at their local Roman Catholic Church in the Ottawa suburb of Orleans. The children are, respectively, a teacher, an engineer and a nurse. The family's life together over the years has been, Pouliot says, "pretty ordinary, which is to say pretty great: we barbecue, play sports and hang around together."

Ordinary, however, is not a word that applies to his professional



life. At various times, Pouliot has worked in such countries as the Ivory Coast, Thailand and Colombia, advising local police on how to combat drug barons. For the past two years, he has been in charge of the RCMP's criminal intelligence division. Pouliot, says a colleague who worked with him on counterintelligence issues during that period, is "a guy who's generally happiest in the background. In this line of work, it doesn't pay to advertise."

That, however, is about to change as a result of his appointment to one of the UN's most high-profile positions in Haiti. Under the terms of UN Resolution 940, Pouliot will be in charge of a 600-member police force—including about 100 RCMP officers—which will oversee Haiti's police, ensuring that they act in a spirit of "non-discrimination and protection of human rights" and establishing training programs for current and future police officers. One of Pouliot's

duties, by his own definition, is to "be as visible as possible all over the country. If I'm going to make proper recommendations to the UN on the future, it's essential to have a firsthand view of what's going on right now."

One immediate problem is that the overwhelming majority of the police in Haiti are supporters of the military regime—and, as such, are likely to be replaced gradually. In mid-October, the RCMP is scheduled to begin training sessions in Regina for 100 Haitian cadets who will form the first wave of new officers. Even if all goes according to plan, said a UN official attached to the operation, "realistically, it will be seven to 10 years before Haiti has a real, professional police force."

Still, Pouliot has a track record of impressive results under difficult conditions and in quick order. Fluently bilingual—although he grew up in an almost entirely English-speaking community, his parents were Franco-Ontarians and spoke French at home—he has met and overcome a series of increasingly difficult challenges throughout his career. That includes stints as a uniformed officer in Manitoba, a drug squad investigator in Montreal and a teacher at the RCMP training college in Saskatchewan, where he also spent time investigating white-collar crime.

Thanks to his growing reputation as an expert on the organization of anti-crime programs, Pouliot has also worked for months at a time over the past decade on loan to various international organizations, including Interpol in Europe. Much of that experience was of the hands-on variety. Crisscrossing Colombia in the late 1980s with local investigators, he learned, by necessity, to fall asleep to the sound of exploding bombs as the country's powerful cocaine cartels fought back against the government's efforts to break them. In Thailand, he once fell out



Haitian police beat civilians in Port-au-Prince; Pouliot (left): a track record of impressive results at home and abroad

of the back of a truck during a high-speed chase. But the six-foot Pouliot—at 200 lb., he is still close to his football-playing weight—downplays those dangers. His worst injury since joining the RCMP, he recalls, "came four years ago, when I got hit by a car riding my bike to work, so it just shows you're never really safe anywhere, anyway."

In Haiti, there will be different kinds of dangers—and problems. One of those is isolation: Pouliot will spend the next nine months in a Port-au-Prince hotel room, likely managing only one brief trip back to Canada to see his family. Another potential hurdle is the Haitian public's widespread distrust of authority. "They have never had any reason before to trust or respect their police," Pouliot says. "Our challenge is to convince the people that the police force should be seen as part of the solution, not the problem." His own record offers ample proof of that.

ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH in Ottawa

PEACEKEEPING STRAINS

After two days of debate in the House of Commons last week over Canada's role in Haiti, it was clear that the three major federal parties agreed on one thing: the country stands behind the United Nations and the United States in their efforts to move peacekeeping forces into the perpetually troubled country. Just how far behind, however, depended on who was speaking. The Liberals were adamant that Canadian troops should let the United States have first honors—and incur the greatest risk—by entering the country on its own. The leaders of Haiti's military government, said Foreign Affairs Minister Andre Ouellet, should know that if they do not leave office, "they will have to submit to the firm determination of the Americans"—and, he added imprecisely, "other countries." Bloc Québécois members countered that Canadians should not take part at all unless Haiti's deposed ruler, Jean-Bertrand Aristide, signalled his approval first. The Reform party's position was that Canadians should not be there under any circumstances.

One of the most controversial speeches came from Reform MP Bob Mills (Red Deer), one of the party's foreign-affairs crit-

ics. Mills suggested that Canada should consider a range of largely self-serving criteria in deciding whether to participate in peacekeeping ventures. Two of the factors he cited were "Canada's economic ties" with the country in question, and its geographic proximity. By those measures, Mills said, Canada should not send troops to either Haiti or Rwanda.

Although Liberal MPs hooted and jeered at Mills's remarks, the government's response to the Haitian crisis indicated their own thinking was not all that far removed. A foreign-affairs department official in Ottawa privately conceded that his counterparts at the state department in Washington were "very peeved" at Canada's relatively small contribution to the UN operation—100 RCMP officers and 600 soldiers. And only a day after Mills's remarks, Ouellet announced that Canada may soon rethink its peacekeeping commitments in the former Yugoslavia because of demands in Haiti and Rwanda.

In fact, the tone of the debate underlined a new reality in Canadian politics. In the past, successive Canadian politicians and governments have taken pride in describing the country as a leader in UN peacekeeping efforts. Now, increasingly, the country's leaders seem cool to the idea that Canada should be a leader—or even, for that matter, a follower.

T. W.-S.

Jimmy Carter's personal diplomacy in Haiti averts a bloody showdown with the country's dictators

For about 24 hours after U.S. soldiers in the vanguard of Operation Uphold Democracy jumped out of thumping Black Hawk helicopters onto the tarmac of Haiti's main civilian airport early on Sept. 19, political critics in Washington held their fire. Opposition Republicans and doubting Democrats rallied that Monday in the House of Representatives behind a bipartisan resolution that applauded a weekend diplomatic deal allowing the soldiers to land unopposed. But the political truce was brief. The pact turned a U.S. invasion plan into a co-operative exercise with a military junta that President Bill Clinton, only four days earlier, had pledged to dislodge by force if its leaders failed to "leave now." And on the second day of the operation, televised scenes of Haitian police and soldiers bludgeoning celebrating citizens, as U.S. troops stood by, reinforced impressions that "the most violent regime in our hemisphere," in Clinton's words, retained control. The sickening TV images refueled American doubts about the wisdom of any intervention in the chaotic Caribbean country, especially in league with the declared enemy.

But the architect of that arrangement, former U.S. president Jimmy Carter, was undismayed. Under the weekend deal he brokered, Haiti's military leaders promised to abdicate by Oct. 15. "This opening," he told a midweek audience in Atlanta, "might lead to real democracy in a Haiti that is



invasion threats failed to cow the Cedras regime, Carter had pressed Clinton unsuccessfully to let him help negotiate a resolution. He renewed the appeal more urgently in a telephone call to Clinton on Sept. 14 after talking to an apparently more conciliatory Cedras by phone. Cedras called Carter by invitation in a process launched by Charles David, a Haitian-born former Montreal resident and foreign-affairs reporter for *La Presse*, who was appointed Haiti's foreign minister last May. David had written Carter a letter appealing for his intervention.

Even before receiving Clinton's response, Carter recruited two associates—fellow Georgian Sam Nunn, chairman of the Senate armed service committee, and Colin Powell, former chairman of the U.S. joint chiefs of staff, the son of Jamaican immigrants and a military man highly respected by Haitian counterparts. The Carter offer reportedly received a cool reception in the state department. But Clinton, shortly after delivering his televised invasion warning on the night of Sept. 15, gave the go-ahead to Carter, Nunn and Powell. They flew to Haiti early Saturday and plunged into a campaign to persuade the Haitian leaders that co-operating with a temporary U.S. occupation and leaving office under an amnesty would be wiser for them and the Haitian people than inevitable defeat in combat and their own disgrace and possible death.

Even so, some of the people they met—"proud and patriotic," in Nunn's words—seemed to prefer death to surrender. Brig.-Gen. Philippe Biamby, Haiti's army chief of staff, at one point spoke of suicide. And at a pivotal Sunday morning meeting in the Cedras home, Cedras's wife, Yannick, opposed any surrender of sovereignty. Recalled Nunn: "Frankly, I think the family [including three children] had taken the decision the night before to die together." But Powell, said Nunn, then spoke out eloquently about courage, honor and the duty of military leaders to save their army from destruction. Added Nunn, "It had an effect on Gen. Cedras." Yannick Cedras, who Carter described as "impressive, powerful and forceful," reluctantly agreed that negotiations should proceed.

Still, as the formal talks outlasted numerous extensions of the Carter team's noon deadline, negotiations bogged down over U.S. demands that the junta leaders agree to step down by a specific date. Clinton rejected a draft agreement, faxed to the White House, that set no deadline for the junta's resignation. The Haitians, in turn, at first spurned a revision, based on a White House rewrite, that required senior military officers to accept "an early and honorable retirement . . . when a general amnesty is voted by the Haitian parliament or Oct. 15, whichever is earlier."

Carter, intentionally unaware of the invasion plan's timetable, came under pressure from Clinton to get out of Haiti. Clinton, who said later he became convinced that no agreement would be reached, quoted himself telling the former president in the evening: "This is uncomfortable for me. We've been friends a long time. I'm going to order you out of there in 30 minutes. You've got to get out." It took longer than that.

Tension became palpable when Biamby, who burst into the meeting carrying a portable telephone, announced that he had just learned that the airborne armada was heading for Haiti. "They thought that we had perhaps betrayed them," said Carter, but the Haitians were persuaded to proceed. Still, Cedras refused to sign the agreement, saying it would be a military offence. With Clinton's telephoned authority—and a further 30-minute extension—the negotiators shouldered their way through a crowd of anti-Aristide demonstrators across the street to the presidential palace to meet with Emile Jonassaint, the 81-year-old former chief justice appointed president last May, and his cabinet.

Jonassaint, portrayed as a Cedras puppet by the outside world but as an authoritative leader by Carter, took charge. According to Carter, Jonassaint pointed a finger in turn at each member of the military staff and his cabinet and declared:

"We are going to do this. We will take peace instead of war. I will sign this agreement." Every cabinet member disagreed, said Carter, and the defence minister said he would resign. But Jonassaint took up a pen and signed. Powell turned to Cedras and asked if he would honor the pact. According to those present, Cedras replied that "we pledge our word that we will carry out whatever our president tells us to do."

If the former president's trust in that promise proves warranted, the outcome will reinforce a record that many say deserves a Nobel Peace Prize. As for Carter, he had other things in mind last week. Apparently tireless as he approached his 70th birthday on Oct. 1, Carter flew home to Atlanta after touching down in Washington for separate meetings with envoys of the two Koreas on Monday and Tuesday. Since June, he has been working on efforts to patch decades-old differences between the Communist North and capitalist South. And in his midweek speech to an assembly of students at Emory University, he declared that it is high time that the United States and Cuba resolved more than 30 years of hostility and got serious about human rights. He has already been talking about that, he said, with Fidel Castro.

CARL MOLLINS in Washington



SCOTT APPLEWHITE/AP

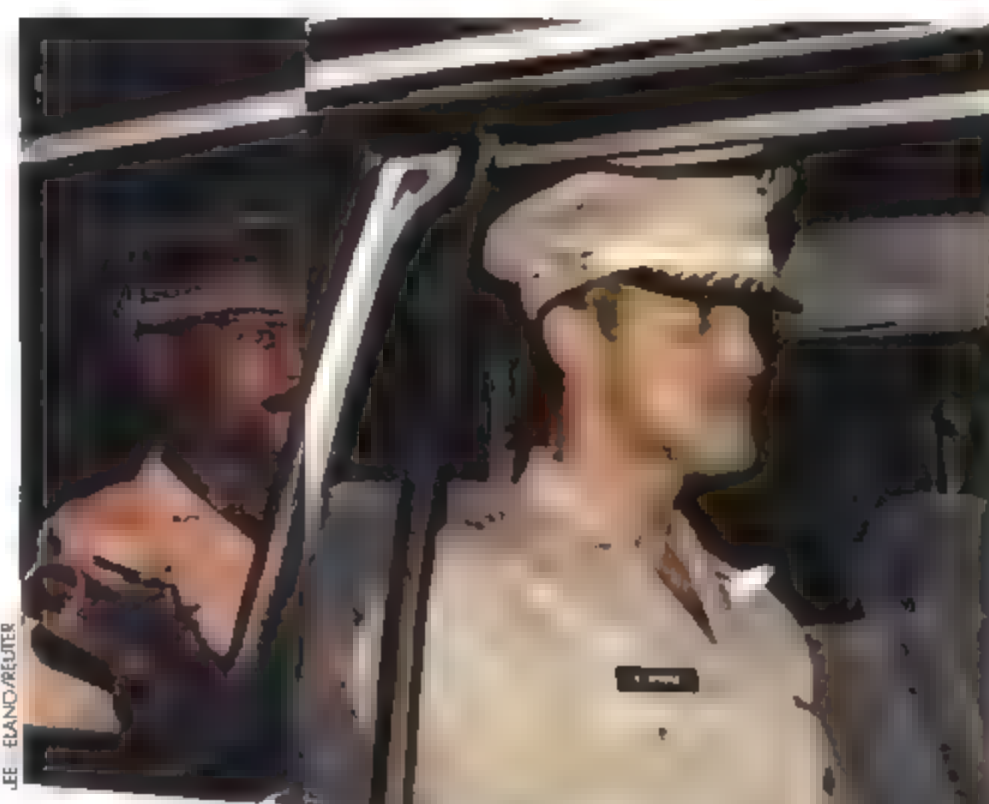
TRUST AND RESPECT

blessed with a partnership with the greatest nation on earth."

Carter's optimism that the junta leaders will quit, after reneging on an agreement to step down a year ago, reflects his belief that trust and respect may bring out the same qualities in others. That belief has opened him to charges of naivete, even to ridicule, as it did in some Washington quarters last week. But his unyielding faith in personal and political honesty drives a Carter crusade for human rights, the basis of his foreign policy during his presidency (1977-1981) and of peace and development programs sponsored by the Carter Center in Atlanta since its founding in 1982. And his methods often work. As president, Carter mediated peace between Israel and Egypt in 1979; as a freelance diplomat more recently, he worked to subdue conflict in Somalia and Korea. As he told *Macleans*'s Associate Editor Joe Chudley in an interview earlier this year: "I just believe that conflict should be the very last resort. I don't believe that, in many cases, our own country uses its full influence or full power to prevent a war, to end a war, before we insert troops into a troubled region." Similar arguments convinced Clinton to let Carter give peace and persuasion a last chance in Haiti.

The initiative was a close-run thing, a two-day round of meetings in Port-au-Prince, the Haitian capital, that overran a series of U.S. deadlines and, on Sunday night, sent an armada of airborne invasion forces back to base. By Carter's later telling, and the accounts of other participants, the meetings were marked by emotion and tensions before the negotiators produced a seven-paragraph agreement accepted by Haitian leaders and, via telephone, by Clinton. By then, Carter later related, "the airplanes had been on their way—61 planes filled with paratroopers—for 75 minutes" out of Polk Air Force Base in North Carolina, roughly halfway to Haiti. "At that point, President Clinton called, and the planes turned around."

The beginnings of Carter's involvement date from December, 1990, when he went to Haiti as part of a team monitoring the election of Jean-Bertrand Aristide as president. There, he met Raoul Cedras, then an army colonel in charge of election security, now a lieutenant-general who heads the junta that has ruled since an army coup on Sept. 30, 1991, ousted Aristide and sent him into exile in Washington. In recent months, as economic sanctions and



LEE ELAND/REUTERS



Cedras in Port-au-Prince after agreeing to relinquish power (left); Carter, Clinton at the White House (top left); a man grieving for his friend (above); tension was palpable when Brig.-Gen. Biamby burst into the meeting announcing that the airborne armada was heading for Haiti

WATCHING AND WAITING

Worry grips Haitian-Canadians

Reggae music blared from the sound system at the Beauregard Hair Salon in Montreal's working-class north end. Several of the patrons, most of them natives of Haiti, kept time to the pounding rhythm by tapping their feet and drumming their fingers. But at the mention of last week's American occupation of their homeland, one of the stylists abruptly turned down the music, patrons sat up in their chairs and a heated discussion began. Despite the impassioned atmosphere, there was no debate: everyone who spoke up denounced both the intervention and the U.S.-brokered accord to restore democracy in their ravaged country. "The so-called invasion was nothing more than a show," said Harry Cantave, a 27-year-old hairstylist who came to Canada at age 4. "It's just more repression of the Haitian people."

Throughout Montreal's 60,000-strong Haitian community, there was a remarkable degree of unanimity last week. Almost everyone condemned the conduct of the Clinton administration. Most Haitian-Canadians—the majority of whom live in Montreal, with smatterings in Ottawa and Toronto—fled the Caribbean island over the past three decades to escape poverty and repressive governments, leaving behind friends and relatives. And they strongly support the restoration of democratic government, even if they are not particularly enamored of deposed President Jean-Bertrand Aristide, their country's first freely elected leader. "We support what he stands for, and that's the freedom of the people to choose who they want as their leader," said 29-year-old Wad-



Pro-Aristide demonstration in Montreal: most can never forgive the reign of terror that followed the president's 1991 overthrow

ney Jean-François, a patron at Beauregard's.

One part of the accord that Haitian-Canadians found especially galling was the promise of amnesty for all members of the regime of Gen. Raoul Cedras for crimes committed while they held power. Florence Cola, co-ordinator of the pro-Aristide Resistance Haitiienne au Quebec-Canada, said that many members of the community might have been willing to accept an amnesty for the instigators of the 1991 coup that drove the controversial Aristide from office. But most can never forgive the reign of terror that followed the overthrow: the rape, torture and murder of thousands of innocent civilians. "The Haitian people want justice—justice which they have never had in their lives," said Cola.

The Montreal Haitian community has, in fact, provided refuge for four exiled members of the Aristide government. Gary Guteau, at 29 the youngest member of the toppled administration, arrived in Montreal with his wife and nine-month-old daughter in July after the military regime expelled him for the second time in three years. Another parliamentarian, Joseph Vignole Jean Louis, joined his wife and four children in Montreal in August after taking one of the last flights out of Haiti before the imposition of a ban on commercial air traffic. Jean-Louis, who said that he had survived the past three years with help from an underground resistance movement based in Port-au-Prince, believes that the country will not be safe for elected officials even if the Americans restore democratic government. "How can the intimidation cease," he asked, "when the military has armed 20,000 civilians?"

Despite the widespread support for the democracy movement, one prominent Haitian Montrealer is well-known for his ties to the Cedras regime. Charles David, a *La Presse* journalist since 1971, took a leave of absence earlier this year to join the government, becoming foreign minister in mid-May. In early August, *La Presse* publisher Claude Masson fired David for his activities. And members of the Haitian community are unlikely to welcome him back, if he returns. "He never hid his opposition to Aristide," said Eric Faustin, director of the Haitian Christian Community of Montreal. "He's not alone, but there are not many of them, thank God."

The entrenched brutality and injustice of Haiti's political culture have left many former Haitians deeply pessimistic about their homeland. Marc Meus, a 48-year-old textile technician who emigrated in 1972, said that he has returned several times to visit his father, who lives outside Port-au-Prince. Meus added that he has followed the current crisis with a shortwave radio that picks up Haitian news broadcasts. "When I was growing up," he said, "there was widespread repression. People could be taken away and disappear at night. Now, you can be killed in broad daylight in public in the street." He added that Clinton's decision to strike a deal with Cedras and his backers "is a joke, a very cruel joke on the Haitian people." As events continued to unfold in their homeland, Meus and other Haitian Montrealers were reading their newspapers, watching television and waiting for proof that Clinton is serious about restoring democracy.

D'ARCY JENISH with ANN McLAUGHLIN
in Montreal

WORLD

BRAZIL

Money politics

Economics dominates the presidential race

On a recent campaign swing through Brazil's poor, arid state of Ceará, leftist presidential candidate Luiz Inácio (Lula) da Silva promised to bring jobs, schools and irrigation projects to the drought-stricken northeast. As if on cue, the skies opened up and rain doused some 10,000 supporters who had gathered in the state capital of Fortaleza to cheer on the Workers' Party leader. The evening shower lasted only briefly. But water is a highly prized commodity in Ceará, and many da Sil-

va fans viewed the rainfall as a positive omen for the 48-year-old former factory worker who is seeking to become president of Latin America's largest nation.



Cardoso (left) with supporters: a successful plan to tame runaway inflation

va fans viewed the rainfall as a positive omen for the 48-year-old former factory worker who is seeking to become president of Latin America's largest nation.

Da Silva will need more than a minor miracle to prevail in the Oct. 3 vote, at which time Brazilians will also elect a new Chamber of Deputies, a major portion of the Senate and all 27 governors and state legislatures. He has been campaigning steadily, if unofficially, since the last presidential election in 1989, when he was narrowly defeated by centrist Fernando Collor de Mello. Three years into his term, however, Collor resigned while awaiting an impeachment trial on corruption charges—a turn of events that gave a strong boost to his rival's popularity. Earlier this year, da Silva's victory seemed so certain that congress, dominated by centrist and conservative parties, voted to reduce the

presidential term to four years from five. But da Silva, who held a 20-point lead in June polls, has since been overtaken by controversial Social Democrat candidate Fernando Henrique Cardoso, 63, a former São Paulo senator who served as economy minister under interim President Itamar Franco, Collor's successor. Last week, a new poll showed Cardoso leading da Silva by 45 per cent to 21 per cent, virtually ensuring his first-round victory next week.

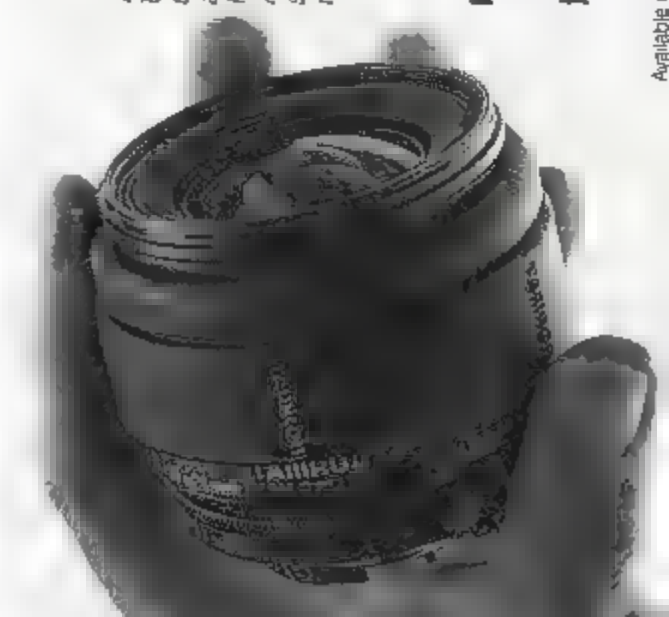
Throughout the summer, huge crowds



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on the part of the Workers' Party in the period when their candidate was leading the polls. "In the months when they were strong, they should have sought to build a structure of alliances that would have given them middle-ground voters," says Giancarlo Summa, the author of *Revolution Good-bye*, a survey of the Latin American left. "It was arrogance and ideological intransigence. They didn't want to water down their platform by seeking alliances with other parties."

As da Silva's political fortunes sank, Cardoso's economic plan thrust him into a seemingly insurmountable lead. Said André Haguette, a Canadian sociologist who has lived in Brazil for 28 years and teaches at Ceará's federal university: "I think the election of Cardoso will bring tranquility and will help change the direction of the country's economic, political and social life."

Not all Brazilians are so optimistic. Having endured five other short-lived anti-inflation programs since 1986, they express mixed feelings about the newest plan—which Central Bank president Pedro Maan

has likened to "the eighth marriage of Liz Taylor." Like most Brazilians, Rosângela Braga Abreu struggles to get by on meagre wages that have not kept pace with inflation. "Grocery shopping used to be an insanity," said the 22-year-old snack-bar manager in Fortaleza. "Now, prices are stable, but everything is expensive." She says that she has not yet decided whom she will vote for, but is leaning towards Cardoso because things are at least marginally better since the introduction of the real.

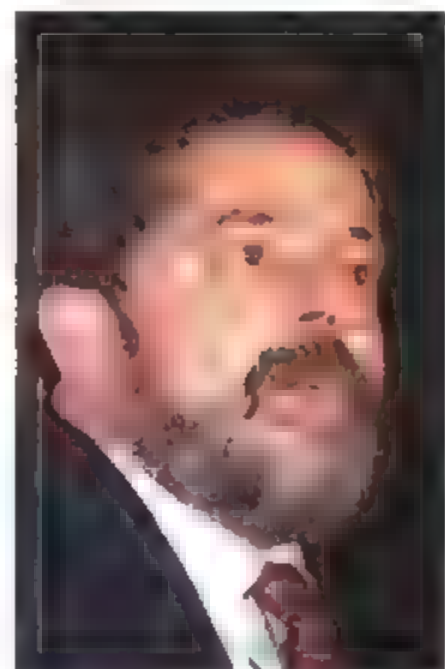
The economic plan, the main plank of Cardoso's platform, is also the target of his critics. They charge that it was written in co-operation with Brazilian industrialists who, fearing a victory by the leftist da Silva, agreed to freeze prices only long enough for Cardoso to be elected. Cardoso's opponents also allege that the government is actively assisting his campaign. Two cabinet members, including Cardoso's successor as economy minister, Rubens Ricupero, resigned under pressure last month after revelations that they had used their offices to help the Social Democrat candi-

date's electoral chances.

Still, Cardoso's supporters have multiplied. They include several Roman Catholic Church leaders, intellectuals and celebrities who supported da Silva against Collor in 1989. Among them is renowned songwriter Gilberto Gil, who spent years in exile in London during the period of military rule because of his political lyrics. Explained Gil, who formally endorsed Cardoso last week in Rio de Janeiro: "In 1989, it was a contest of good against bad. Now, Fernando [Cardoso] and da Silva are disputing on common ground."

On the heels of da Silva's visit to Ceará, last week Cardoso took his campaign to the drought-stricken state. Under Social Democratic Gov. Ciro Gomes—who resigned last month to become the country's latest economy minister—the state's economy has grown by 24 per cent since 1987, compared with eight per cent nationally. It also won a 1993 UNICEF prize for reducing infant mortality rates, and has undertaken a major public works project to expand sewer service in Fortaleza. Cardoso likes to point to those achievements as proof of his party's competence to govern Brazil. Da Silva's speech may have coaxed raindrops from the Ceará skies, but when Brazilians cast their ballots next week it will likely be the Social Democratic leader who wins a torrent of votes.

DEAN GRABER in Fortaleza



Da Silva: overconfidence

MARK CARDWELL/REUTERS

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AUTUMN 1994

natural HIGH

SKIING THE GLACIERS AND ICE FIELDS
OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES



contents

contributors

Chic Scott ("Natural High") took up nordic skiing in 1962. One of Canada's most experienced mountain guides, he lives in Canmore, Alta., and is the author of *Ski Trails in the Canadian Rockies*, a guide to back country touring, and *Summits and Icefields*, which will be published in November.

James Deacon ("Braving the Barrier") is a *Maclean's* senior writer who took up golf when he was 3 and has not improved much since.

John DeMont ("Cathy Jones' Halifax") has lived in Cape Breton, Ottawa, Calgary and Toronto, but was never happier than when he returned to his native Halifax as *Maclean's* bureau chief in 1990.

Dan Burke ("The Enforcer") is an associate producer for CBC's the 5th estate. In 1992, he shared an award from the Canadian Association of Journalists for his work on a documentary about the Montreal police.

Paul Kihla ("Turning Your VCR into a Sex Machine") is a senior writer for *Maclean's* and a recipient of a 1993-1994 Southam Fellowship for journalists. He claims he rarely watches TV.

DEPARTMENTS

getaways

Kiawah Island 10

on the town

Cathy Jones Halifax 11

performance

Sex-ed videos 16

sound and light

Home theatre 18

FEATURES

NATURAL HIGH

Fierce winds, deep crevasses and frequent avalanches—skiing on the Wapta ice fields is not for the faint-hearted

4

STRAIGHT SHOOTER

He can run, jump and throw better than anyone in Canada, but what Michael Smith really loves is hunting.

8

THE ENFORCER

Six years after getting scalded in the hot water of big-city racial politics, Julian Fantino is still stirring up controversy.

12



Number one with a bullet: Michael Smith

inside the arena

Senior Editor Ross Laver oversaw this first editorial edition of *Maclean's Arena*, designed by Assistant Art Director Faith Cochran. He explains what it's all about.

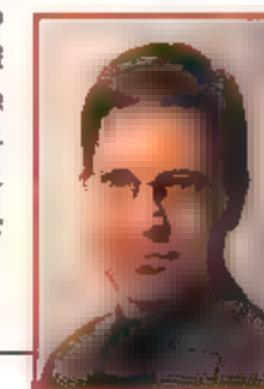
To begin with, it is something of a departure. As a news-magazine, *Maclean's* strives to provide its readers with concise, solid and insightful journalism from across the country and around the world. But like you, we also know the importance of indulging ourselves now and then. That's why we conceived of *Maclean's Arena* as a publication for and about active, involved Canadians—people with an appetite for challenge, excitement and adventure, people whose instinct is to take risks rather than watch idly from the sidelines.

Maclean's Arena is something else, too. It's Canadian.

Our identity shapes our perspective—whether the subject is skiing above the timberline in the Rockies or golfing on a barrier island off South Carolina. Conceived as a regular supplement to *Maclean's*, *Arena* aims to take its readers to places they have always wanted to explore and to tell them what they need to know to go there. In addition, it will introduce some fascinating Canadians—starting in this issue with gold-medal decathlete Michael Smith, controversial police chief Julian Fantino and Halifax-based comedian Cathy Jones.

One more thing: as the name makes clear, *Maclean's Arena* is produced by the same award-winning writers, editors, photographers and designers who are responsible each week for *Maclean's*. Our style may look a little different, but rest assured that our standards haven't changed one bit. See you next spring.

R.L.



COOL WATER

NATURAL

On the ice fields and glaciers of the Canadian Rockies, you can experience skiing in its purest form

HIGH

BY CHIC SCOTT

It was impossible to tell which came first—the blinding flash of white light or the chest-pounding electrical *craack*, followed a half-second later by a deep, powerful rumble that reverberated off the surrounding limestone cliffs. All afternoon, as we had skied up the glacier and scaled the summit of Mount Balfour, 3,000 feet above the timberline, we had watched a bank of heavy black clouds approaching ominously from the west. Now, the clouds were directly overhead, unleashing a violent storm of sleet and driving wind.

While forks of lightning stabbed at the surrounding peaks, we continued through heavy fog across the Wapta ice fields—a 40-km-long system of ice-filled valleys and 1,000-foot thick glaciers stretching along the Continental Divide near Lake Louise, Alta. The four-day journey had taken my companions and me through some of the most rugged terrain in Canada—past icy peaks where high winds, deep crevasses and frequent avalanches challenge even the most experienced ski mountaineer. We had skied up two of those magnificent mountains, Mount Gordon and Mount Balfour; there had been thrilling descents in deep powdery snow and unforgettable nights in remote mountain huts under star-filled skies. Best of all, of course, there had been no lift lines, no groomed trails, no expensive lift tickets. In the high and wild back country of the Canadian Rockies, you can experience skiing in its purest, most demanding form.

The traverse of the Wapta ice fields is perhaps the most popular of all the ski mountaineering adventures in Western Canada, but it is only one of many. Those seeking a more sedate experience, sheltered from the wind and ice, can stay down low, following trails through silent, snow-covered forests of pine, spruce

and fir. If it is powder turns you are after, you can find these at the Rogers Pass along the Trans-Canada Highway. For comfort and good skiing, there is a wide choice of back country lodges offering a variety of terrain—from gentle touring to steep glacier runs.

We began our trip across the Wapta at Peyto Lake, about 45 km north of Lake Louise along the Icefields Parkway. It was late spring and the lake was beginning to thaw, but early in the morning the surface was still solid enough to cross. On the western shore we attached synthetic climbing skins to

the base of our skis and set off on a winding, intricate route to the Peyto Glacier, a four-hour climb through 2,000 vertical feet. There, we put on our harnesses and a safety rope—an essential piece of equipment on the Wapta ice fields, which are riddled with crevasses capable of swallowing unwary skiers. In the afternoon light we ascended the glacier to the place we would call home for the night: the Whyte Hut, named for ski pioneers Peter and Catherine Whyte.

The Whytes established Skoki Lodge, a rustic log building 11 km northeast of Lake Louise, in the early 1930s. In the days be-



The author: icy peaks with high winds, deep crevasses and frequent avalanches

Skiers have died on the Wapta, trapped between walls of ice

fore the development of ski resorts and mechanical lifts, Skoki and nearby Assiniboine Lodge attracted ski pilgrims from all over the world. More recently, the popularity of back-country skiing has grown dramatically in the Rockies and the Columbia Mountains. There are now more than 20 commercial lodges in the area, most of which can only be reached by helicopter. The more adventurous can take advantage of the area's string of 18 mountain huts, each outfitted with foam mattresses, lanterns and cooking stoves.

Operated by the nonprofit Alpine Club of Canada, the huts offer rudimentary accommodation at a reasonable price.

After a night at the Whyte hut, our group set off across the glacier towards Mount Rhondda, a heavily glaciated mound of limestone rising to the edge of a sheer 1,000-foot drop. As we neared the top, clouds rolled in and we could see nothing—a common problem above the timberline. Navigating by compass, we turned back and skied down 1,500 vertical feet to the next stop on our tour: the Bow Hut, the largest and most luxurious of the Wapta huts. Fortunately, the weather cleared during the afternoon, so we scaled the glacier above the hut and made an exhilarating 1,600-foot descent through virgin powder. Later that night, sitting around the wood stove, a glass of brandy melted away the aches and pains of the day.

Day 3 began with a long, rhythmic three-hour climb, working our way up the glacier, then along the rounded shoulder of Mount Gordon to the summit. The day was clear and calm and we lingered half an hour on the peak, soaking in the view. Then it was time to descend to the glacier, from where we crossed a high mountain pass at the head of Vulture Glacier. A long and thrilling descent took us to the Balfour Hut. We had arrived early to allow time for sunbathing on the bedrock outside the hut, saving ourselves for the next day's climb.

We set off early the next morning, climbing steadily up the northeast face of Mount Balfour while above us hung jagged ice cliffs threatening to unload a thundering avalanche. As we approached the high crest of the mountain, an intense wind and snowstorm enveloped us, and it looked as though our chances for the summit were slim. But as



The final hut on the 40-km traverse. Below, ascending the Bow Glacier.



guide

Back-country touring is best done with metal-edged telemark skis, with cable bindings and synthetic climbing skins for steep ascents.

Bookings for the four Wapta huts can be made through the Alpine Club of Canada (403-678-3200). Members pay \$8 to \$11 per person, per night; non-members pay \$11 to \$16.

Unless you are an experienced ski mountaineer, you should hire a guide. Try the Company of Canadian Mountain Guides (403-678-4662), Yamnuska Inc. (403-678-4164) or Independent Alpine Guides (403-569-1740).

quickly as it came, the storm blew past and we resumed our trek. Several hours later, we left our skis behind and continued on foot to the corniced ridge, at 10,630 feet the most elusive and dangerous summit on the ice field. From the top, the view can only be described as otherworldly: an awesome expanse of jagged peaks rising straight out of the snow and ice, splashed with sunlight and buffeted by heavy winds and swirling clouds.

Unfortunately, views that breathtaking are rarely experienced without risk. Taking care not to step out onto the delicate curls of snow suspended like frozen waves over the edge of the cliff, we made our way back to our skis and prepared for the descent. There were no visible crevasses, so we coiled the rope and put it back in the pack. A few minutes later, as we sped down the glacier, I heard a cry and looked back to see that a snow bridge had collapsed as one of my companions had skied over a crevasse, exposing a deep hole about a metre wide and two metres long. His forward momentum had carried him over the hazard, but the experience rattled us all over the years, several skiers have died on the Wapta after slipping into crevasses and becoming trapped between high walls of ice.

Meanwhile, the black storm that had threatened all afternoon was drawing near, so we quickened our pace towards the fourth and final hut on our traverse. As clouds and thick fog closed in and lightning bolts shattered the peaks around us, it became impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction. Luckily, we were becoming pretty handy with the compass. By skiing slowing and checking our bearing frequently, we were able to reach our destination safely in a few hours.

The last morning dawned clear and calm—ideal conditions for the long, winding descent across the glacier and down to the Trans-Canada Highway—a drop in elevation of some 3,400 feet. In beautiful sunshine we carved turns down the steep hillside towards Sherbrooke Lake, then on to our waiting car and the promise later that evening of a victory dinner in Canmore. Behind us, the snow-blanketed Wapta ice fields lay pristine and glistening, beckoning thrill-seeking skiers as much now as they did in the 1930s. ■

Blue Jays
Toronto

Canadiens

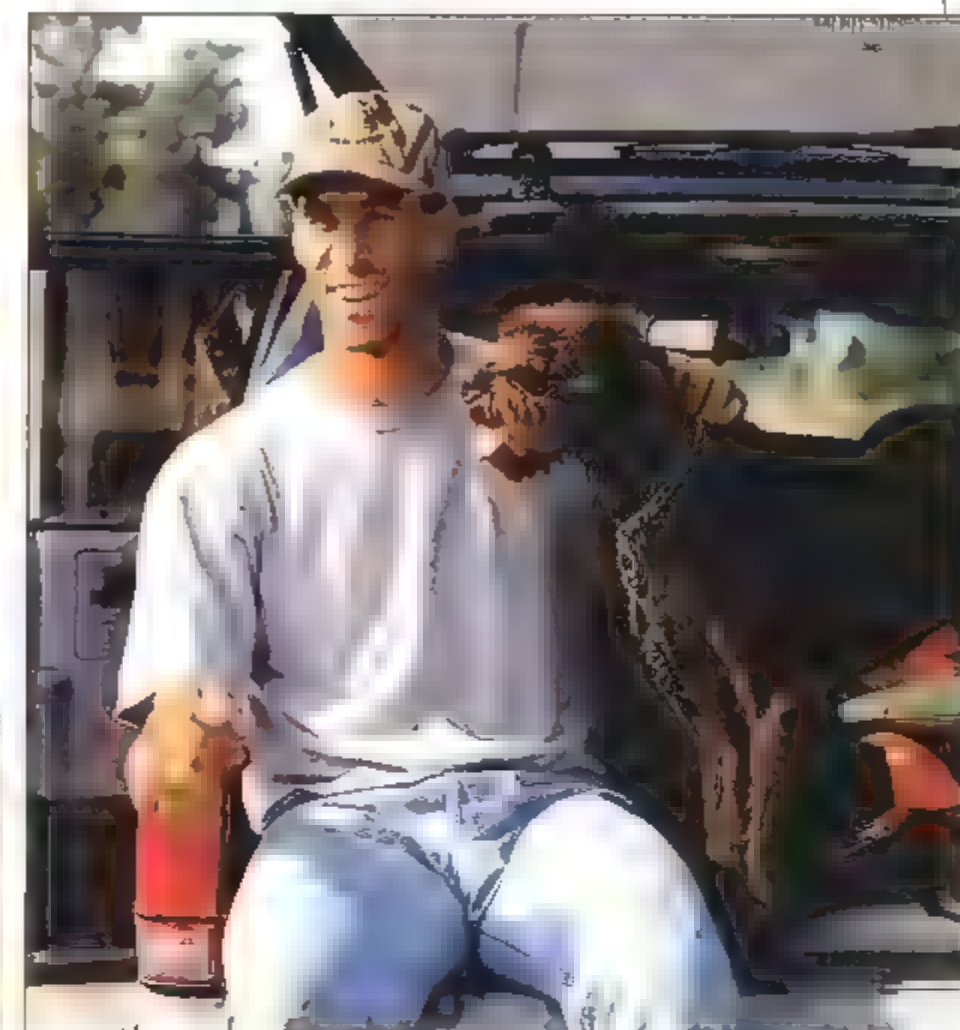
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STRAIGHT SHOOTER



For gold-medal decathlete Michael Smith, hunting is number one—with a bullet

He is almost certainly the best all-round Canadian athlete of his generation—a former high-school star sprinter who spurned five U.S. college football scholarships to dedicate himself to one of the sporting world's most grueling physical and mental challenges.

So what does Michael Smith do to unwind after bagging his second successive Commonwealth gold medal in the decathlon at the Victoria Games?

Disneyland? Not likely. He goes hunting. With a shotgun. And if some people have a problem with that, well, that's their business.

Hunting, in fact, looms every bit as large in Smith's life as track and field. "All of my friends hunted for as long as I can remember," recounts the six-foot, five-inch, 215-lb. athlete, who grew up in Kenora, Ont. By the time he turned 16, he'd taken a firearms safety course and had fallen in love with a used Ithaca Model 37 shotgun that was advertised in the local paper. He begged his mother and father for permission to buy it, but neither of them was wild about the idea. They said they would consider it, and left it at that.



Downed birds: 'the kill is only a small part of the experience in hunting'

One evening, after excusing himself from the dinner table, Smith headed to his bedroom and found the Ithaca on his desk. "My mom loves surprises, but I still don't know how she carried that one off," he says. "It gave me a tremendous boost of pride to realize that my parents trusted me, a 16-year-old kid, with a firearm. Thinking back, that must have been hard for them."

These days, Smith, 27, hunts as often as he can, squeezing in trips to Northern Ontario and the West during breaks in his rigorous training schedule and the commerce program he's enrolled in at the University of Toronto. He is also teaching his girlfriend, Leslie Wilson, to shoot, although she has yet to join him hunting.

An accomplished archer, he'll be prowling the forests of Manitoulin Island later this fall with a bow and arrow in quest of white-tail deer. Not long after that, he is off to northern Alberta in pursuit of mule deer. "Bow hunting is very intense, with a lot of adrenalin and excitement," says Smith, who actually prefers that style of hunting.

In early September, though, the big game season was still sev-

eral weeks away. No matter. Smith, fresh from his gold-medal performance in Victoria, opted instead for a day trip to the Pine Ridge Hunting Preserve, an hour's drive northeast of his home in downtown Toronto. Commercial preserves—there are scores of them across the country, most offering upland game birds such as pheasant, chukar partridge and bobwhite quail—give hunters a chance to tune up for the coming season. They generally remain open from Sept. 1 to March 31, with bag limits determined only by the customer's budget: pheasants cost about \$15 to \$18 each, while partridge and quail are a few dollars less.

With his friend and fellow athlete Doug Wood (silver medalist in the pole vault at the 1992 Pan Am Games), Smith began the hunt by getting acquainted with his dog for the day, a reddish-brown pointer named Holly that had been borrowed from Pine Ridge's owner, Mike Palotta. In the field, the hunt followed an established ritual, with Smith and Wood stalking forward through the tall grass while Holly, nose to the ground and tail working furiously, raced from one side to the other, sniffing for the scent of a bird. Now and then the dog would go "on point"—freezing in its tracks, nose pointed straight to the quarry. That was the signal for one of the hunters to move in and flush the prey out of the thick brush, while the other man stood

Left, Smith in the field. Above, a get-acquainted session with Holly.

ready to aim and fire as the bird flew off.

"Take it, Dougie, take it," Smith shouted as a brilliantly colored male pheasant exploded from the cover and veered sharply to the right, cackling furiously as its broad wings beat the air. Wood smoothly lifted his Remington 12-gauge to his shoulder, and the first shot brought down the bird. "Great shot," Smith yelled, as the dog leapt forward on command to retrieve the game.

Like most hunters, Smith is sensitive to criticism about his devotion to the sport. But he has little time for those who condemn the activity, noting that hunters were among the first wildlife conservationists, and that hunting associations are still active in the fight to preserve natural habitats.

His disdain for the antihunting lobby is matched by his lack of support for the current drive to tighten restrictions on gun ownership. "The government is not going to control crime by passing gun-control legislation," he says tersely.

"In any case," he adds, "the kill is only a small part of the experience in hunting. At the end of a day outdoors, I feel totally cleansed and relaxed—I think I'm a better person for it. My parents recognize it, Leslie sees it and all my friends know it. It helps me to stay in touch with my roots. I don't know if there's anything that could replace hunting."

So there. ■

guide

For information on commercial hunting preserves in your area, contact the local office of your provincial ministry of natural resources, renewable resources or fish and wildlife.

If you've never hunted but are interested in learning more about it, visit a local shooting club (check the yellow pages for addresses or inquire at a sporting-goods store that sells guns or ammunition) and ask for information about hunter's safety courses in your area. In most provinces, you must pass a safety course before being issued a hunting licence.

BRAVING THE BARRIER

Take a leap of faith and hit away

And besides, the pain of a triple bogey is eased by the surroundings. Pelicans coast along the tops of the dunes on the seaside holes. The surf pounds a soporific tune. The wind carries a salty, head-clearing brine. It is beautiful.

You don't go to Kiawah Island Resort for a wild time—unless your definition of wild means sharing a salt marsh with herons and egrets as you fly-cast for sport-fish bass. And for better or worse, it lacks the fast-food joints, country-music emporia and 100-course golf menu of Myrtle Beach, a couple hours north along Highway 17. Instead, the 10,000-acre island emphasizes the three Rs—recreation, relaxation and restoration. There are more tennis courts and swimming pools than can be used in a week, several good restaurants and a small shopping district—all within walking distance of the resort. Once installed, there is no need to leave—except, perhaps, to tour Charleston, an extraordinary city a half-hour away where the architectural glories of the Old South have withstood time and the odd hurricane. It is the San Francisco of the southeast, only

smaller and easier to embrace.

But this is about golf, not Charleston. And after the beauty of the place, golf is Kiawah's best suit. On its own, the Ocean Course is reason enough to visit. Yet it may not be the best course on the island. That distinction could just as easily go to Osprey Point, architect Tom Fazio's lush layout through tall pines and dark lagoons a few kilometres down the island. Unlike Dye, Fazio doesn't insist that his designs draw blood. A round at Osprey Point feels like a fair fight.

There's more. A few minutes away is Jack Nicklaus' Turtle Point, a classic Deep South resort course with bermudagrass fairways that wind through stands of live oaks draped in Spanish moss before veering excitingly onto several breathtaking ocean-side holes. Then there is Gary Player's Marsh Point course, a more modest effort by the standards of the other three but still a fine test. Together, the courses comprise a formidable and fun week's workout. Just remember the leap of faith.

By James Deacon

guide

Rates: Resort rooms are priced from \$84 (U.S.), mid-November through February, to \$135 per night, March 3 to May 30, including green fees, based on two nights, double occupancy. Three-night packages are available from Breakaway Tours (416-974-9774) and Golf Holidays (416-656-6502) for between \$379 (Cdn.) and \$669.

Getting there: Charleston is accessible by air via several major U.S. carriers.

Weather: Daytime temperatures rarely drop below 10° C in winter. Summer temperatures average about 26° C; spring and fall about 19° C.

Alternatives: Top-level barrier-island golf is also available on Hilton Head, 80 km south of Kiawah, and on Amelia Island, just north of Jacksonville, Fla.

out of low-lying dunes at the northern tip of Kiawah, a barrier island south of Charleston—and sand, tall grass and marsh are more conducive to the sale of golf balls than to low scores.

Still paying to play such a course is not an act of masochism. The Ocean Course's park is worse than its bite—there is a fairway out there if you hit the ball relatively straight and keep your wits about you.

CATHY JONES' HALIFAX

Forget the past—it's 'totally cool'

Cathy Jones was ready to kill for an oatcake and a decaf latte—her usual morning jolt at the oh-so-trendy Trident Book Sellers & Cafe in downtown Halifax. Unfortunately, the cheeky star of the off-the-wall CBC television show *This Hour Has 22*

Minutes was well into an elaborate fasting and vitamin program designed to shed some bad karma and a few pounds. So, settling for a cup of house brew, she flopped into a chair, peered over her tinted glasses and confided how she had been less than smitten when she first visited the Nova Scotia capital in the early 1980s. At the time, the St. John's Nfld., native belonged to a touring comedy and music troupe called the Wonderful Grand Band, which evolved later into the satirical group Codco. "We used to call this place 'Halifax, City of the Living Dead,'" Jones, 39, chortled. "We thought it was horrible—dull, upright, racist, boring, redneck."

All of which makes the city's transformation from square-rigged navy town to the "totally cool, totally hip" place she's called home since 1992 so mind-boggling. "Halifax has really come around the bend," she whispers in disbelief. Nowhere is that more evident than in the endlessly surprising downtown where Jones

spends much of her waking hours. Her tour, like her day, starts at the Trident (1570 Argyle St.), one of many enlightened businesses started by Americans who moved here after the Karma Dzong Buddhist Church moved its headquarters to Halifax from Boulder, Colo.



The Soho Kitchen. Below, in the South Bland Street Grill with Paul Hannon and owners Nick and Maria Vrounds.

tears of pleasure to her dark eyes. Halifax even has its own avant-garde repertory film house, Wormwood's Cinema (2015 Gottingen St.).

All the same, Jones is quick to point out, Halifax is more than the sum of the latest repackaged trends from Toronto and New York City. Beyond the obvious beauty of its harbor and tree-lined streets, the city possesses an engaging spirit. "Halifax has soul," concedes Jones, who shares a wooden Victorian house with

her 12-year-old daughter and her artist boyfriend, Paul Hannon. For proof, she recommends looking no further than the thriving homegrown music scene, ranging from grunge to Celtic, both of which pack them in at any number of downtown clubs or Dalhousie University's Rebecca Cohen Auditorium.

Jones' Halifax, as much as anything, is a place of quiet treasures. Point Pleasant Park, a leafy paradise 20 minutes from the city's downtown where she walks her dog, Alice (half Shih Tzu, half terrier), and relaxes on the rocks of an out-of-the-way beach; the South Bland Street Grill (904 South Bland St.), a longshoreman's diner on the waterfront, and Pier 21, once the landing spot for all European immigrants entering Canada, now home to dozens of artists' studios. "I never thought I'd say it, but I love this city," she says. "I'm here for the foreseeable future." And that's no joke.

By John DeMont



From the tee—the first fairway of the Ocean Course at Kiawah Island—is not so much seen as assumed. The undulating emerald carpet of grass sits oasis-like among heaving sand dunes, thatches of sea grass and intrusions of salt marsh, leaving no exact definition, no obvious target. The prevailing wind, slicing across the fairway, is damp with the spray of the Atlantic and full of foreboding. In fact, the range of negative possibilities is terrifying. But the Ocean Course, open to the natural elements of the South Carolina coastline and as mystical a golf course as any in North America, is no place to tense up. It is a place to feel rather than think. Take a leap of faith and hit away.

That may sound like New Age unclarity, even to golfers, whose sport frequently reminds them of the frailties of the mind. But the Ocean Course is a New Age layout, where the environmental imperative meant leaving much of the property in its natural state. One reason why *Golf Digest* calls it the most difficult resort course in the world is that architect Pete Dye ridged it with blind shots and hidden hazards. Nature did the rest. It was fashioned

THE ENFORCER

He has a raft of enemies, but Julian Fantino is a cop's cop

It's getting so that nowhere is sacred in these crime-crazed times. Take London, Ont., an abnormally tranquil city of 300,000 with all the personality of a mutual fund.

About three years ago, the city's new police chief, freshly recruited from the badlands of Toronto, warned civic leaders that the dreaded substance crack would soon be "migrating" into town. Skeptics dismissed the prediction and the chief along with it, ridiculing him as a latter-day Wyatt Earp itching to draw his six-shooter.

Then lo and behold, crack did arrive in the city's east end. Guns and gunfire weren't far behind. Chalk one up for the incorrigible maverick Julian Fantino.

"It was bad here," Fantino, 52, remarked on a recent evening as he cruised by the poor houses of Glebe Street towards a series of former crack houses whose windows have just been boarded up by their landlord. Eying the renovations, Fantino peddles a little crack of his own.

"Have you ever seen a better use of plywood?" he grins. "It looks like we got the message through."

Six years after getting scalded in the hot water of big-city racial politics, one of Canada's most controversial cops—the man who compiled statistics showing that delinquent black youths in Toronto's Jane-Finch district were responsible for a disproportionate share of the area's crime—is back in a familiar saddle, busting criminals and riding roughshod over certain sensitivities.

The landlord who boarded up his prop-

erties to hinder London's crack trade happens to be an Afro-Canadian, former school teacher Cy Campbell. Last April, Fantino delivered a letter to Campbell, threatening to hold him personally responsible for the problems in the buildings.

"I didn't last decide one day I was going to come and pick on poor Cy here," says Fantino, surveying the disarmed combat zone from behind the wheel of his black executive model Ford. "We weren't saying that he was involved in the trafficking. Just that these premises were being used as crack houses. I'm sorry the man had to close his buildings, but

All of which might just amount to a

tempest in teapot-town, Ont. If it weren't for one thing, lately, Fantino has been publicly heralded in the Toronto media as a possible successor to the outgoing chief of the Metro police, Bill McCracken, who retires early next year. In a career already dramatized by leaps and bounds, this would be Fantino's greatest feat.

"Julie" Fantino's first accomplishments in Canada were learning English and adapting to a new world. His parents arrived from northern Italy when he was 11. At St. Matthew's Catholic school in Toronto's working-class west end, he chummed around with Angelo Delfino, playing soccer at recess and reading comic books—ac-

tion/adventure, westerns—after school. He wasn't much of an athlete (too puny), "but he had a spark of intelligence. He was focused," recalls Delfino. "He wanted to be a detective. Maybe he got the idea from the comics."

After high school, Fantino put in time as a retail security man before finally being accepted at age 26 into the Metro force. At police academy, they brought in teachers from the field, local legends with a comic-strip quality about them.

"They had nicknames. They had reputations. They were *characters*," recalls Fantino, still sounding awed by the experience. "They had an indelible impact on you."

Out on the street, Toronto had become the "speed" capital of North America, with the student residence Rochdale serving as its parliament. Fantino quickly made an indelible impact on both by joining the city's first drug squad. "Crack is a rerun of speed," he says. "The violence, the

squad, followed eventually by a promotion to the rarefied rank of superintendent. By the late 1980s, he was supervising the Jane-Finch district, a position that allowed him to expand the definition of policing beyond the simple concept of lawman. He started a baseball league for disadvantaged kids, he organized neighborhood cleanups and barbecues, when the Metro Housing Authority let the condition of certain public housing projects slide, he took videos of the squalor and put them "on notice." For Fantino, a policeman could be more than a detective, he could be a leader, a neighborhood hero.

"Politics, the police—these are canyons," he says today. "They require people with mettle. Too many people bend with the winds. We're so politically correct now we can't even tell the truth."

In 1989, Fantino delivered what he considered the truth in the form of a report on crime to the race-relations committee of suburban North York. The report contained a small section citing blacks as the culprits in more than 50 per cent of the drug offences, muggings and robberies in

Laws. Needless to say, Fantino did not leave Toronto on good terms with the city's vocal minority rights groups, such as the Black Action Defence Committee (BAD).

"Fantino's fantasy of becoming chief of police in Toronto will not bear fruit," says Charles Roach, a Toronto lawyer who represents Laws and has now filed suit against Fantino on behalf of Cy Campbell, charging defamation.

"The BAD will not support any candidate in particular," he explains. "But they would be quick to oppose Fantino. It's not that he's a racist. But there's a perception he is insensitive to the black community. And in this day and age, perception is a reality."

If Fantino is aggrieved by any of this, he doesn't show it. For one thing, he's enjoying his job in London, where he has set up a baseball league, established friendly relations with minority groups and generally made the force more responsive to community needs. Last Christmas, he had his officers gather in the lobby of police headquarters to sing carols with local schoolchildren. "We thought, 'This is different,'" says

'We're so politically correct now we can't even tell the truth'

weapons, the paranoia we went through the same thing with speed."

Unlike most of the "Popeye Doyle" types on the squad, Fantino developed a flair for organizational work, writing briefs for prosecutors and serving as the liaison man between the law-enforcement bureaucracy and the squad's foot soldiers.

"He was a good 'paper' man," says Staff Insp. Bob Strathdee, one of Fantino's colleagues on the drug squad. "And you needed that. We worked with a lot of good people on the street who couldn't spell cat."

Not that Fantino was averse to front-line action. One day while he was in uniform, walking by a pool hall, some punk happened to fire off an insulting remark in Italian about policemen. Fantino wheeled around and took down the offender—then arrested him for "causing a disturbance."

"One thing that Julie believes in is authority," says officer Doug MacCheyne, Fantino's partner that day. "If you challenge his authority, he'll take you up on it."

Fantino's achievements as an officer earned him a place on the city's homicide

the Jane-Finch area. Fantino, who was branded a racist by some black leaders, claims the board asked for the straight goods; he also claims he didn't know the media would be at the meeting where the report was presented.

"The statistics, the statistics," Fantino sighs. "It was like a gold rush, everybody came running with an opinion." Fantino's critics accused him of stigmatizing the entire black community. They wanted to make an example of him. They wanted him shipped out of Jane-Finch.

Fantino kept his job, but his feelings about the matter haven't cooled. "It wasn't me who invited the media to the meeting," he continues. "The board knew what I was bringing in." Then, Fantino pauses for a moment, preparing for a burst of what he's best at: honesty. "Obviously, they didn't know *exactly* what I was bringing in."

The city of London knew exactly what it was getting when it recruited the Italian-Canadian to run its 421-member force in 1991. After the statistics uproar, Fantino had personally led an investigation into an illegal-alien smuggling ring linked to Toronto's leading black cop critic, Dudley

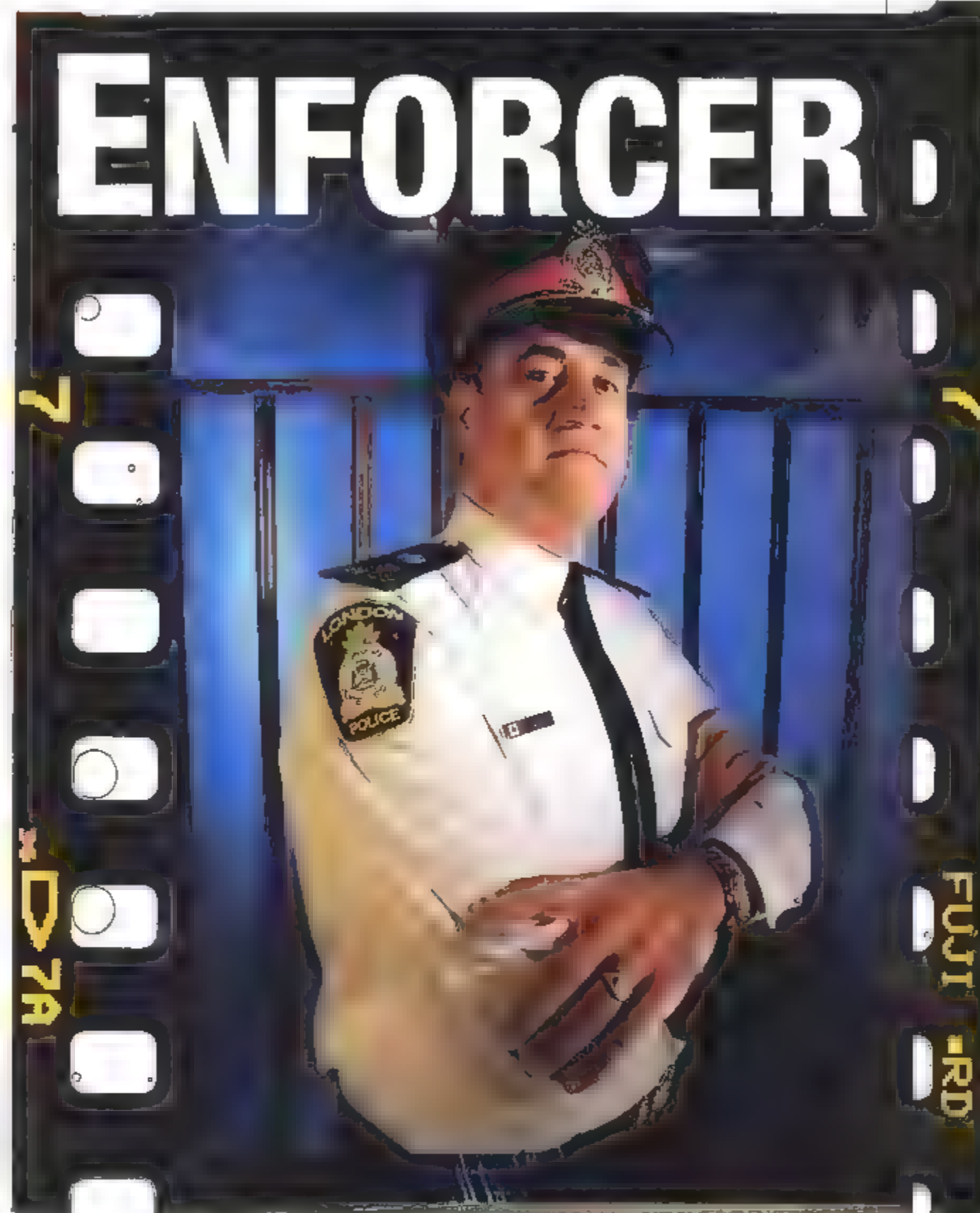
Fred Schell, a 35-year veteran of the force.

In London, Fantino can easily practise his vocation and fulfil the heroic fantasy of a boy who still remembers the pier in Halifax where he got off the boat from Italy. Last year, he went back to the old country, one of only two Canadian police chiefs invited to celebrate the 180th anniversary of the *cambiniere*, Italy's national force. Standing on a ceremonial stage with the Italian president gave him perspective on the distance of his journey.

"We came to this country with nothing, not even the language," he says. "I know what discrimination tastes like. Nobody's got to teach me a lesson about—how should I put it?—the apprenticeship of becoming Canadian."

In the age of entitlement, journeyman Fantino embodies an anachronistic set of values founded on an allegiance to law, order and the rough trade of being a cop. And if his actions betray a certain resistance to modern political fashion, perhaps it is because it is hard to make an example of a man who has paid his dues.

By Dan Burke



People suffer exhaustion,
dehydration and muscle fatigue
wearing our competitors.



Rockport

Turning your VCR into a SEX MACHINE

"Stay still, relax and take deep breaths through your nose." The smooth and sympathetic voice belongs to Judy Seifer. She calls herself a doctor because she has a PhD from the Institute for the Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco, a place of higher learning from which it would perhaps be difficult to transfer course credits to the Harvard Medical School. But the doctor looks every inch

the consummate professional in her bright lime-green suit and large horn-rimmed glasses. As she narrates, the camera cuts away to a nude woman with perfectly tanned skin who bears a remarkable likeness to Darryl Hannah. She is performing fellatio on a particularly well-endowed sex partner. Special care has been taken to sweep the actress's long bleached blond hair away from her face so that viewers can have an unobstructed close-up of her technique.

This is the stuff of how-to sex videos, a booming new business that has attracted scores of entrepreneurs—and millions of customers—in Canada and the United States. Alongside more mundane videos that offer tips on losing weight or improving your golf game, you can find an expanding repertoire of self-help cassettes designed to transform you into the perfect lover—a sex machine for the information age. The slickest and most successful entry in the how-to sex video market is the American-produced Better Sex Video series, featuring titles like *You Can Last Longer* and *Becoming Orgasmic: A Sexual*

Paul Kaihla
surveys
the steamy,
sometimes
seamy, world
of how-to
sex videos

and Personal Growth Program for Women and the Men Who Love Them. Employing glossy production values and "expert" talking heads—psychologists and sex therapists—the tapes graphically illustrate an array of carnal techniques and styles of sex play. Although the distributors claim that the material is educational, the explicit content is at times indistinguishable from the genital aerobics of porn films.

By their own account, the producers of Better Sex series and its competitors have sold more than one million cassettes in the past year alone, mostly through mail order ads in publications like *Cosmopolitan*, *Psychology Today* and *The New York Times*. The tapes cost anywhere from \$28 to \$40 each and last up to 90 minutes—although, as they say in the sex therapy business, it's not the length that counts.

The success of how-to sex tapes is hardly a surprise: they feed on people's most private insecurities. In a fiercely competitive society—in which books are valued according to the number of weeks they spend on a best-seller list, movies get instant thumbs-

up or thumbs-down ratings and politicians are routinely graded by pollsters—sex is just another arena of performance and evaluation. The unstated message of the video-makers is that there is no such thing as a natural born lover—so why not learn the science of love-making from the experts?

Rocket science it ain't. The oral sex episode narrated by Dr. Seifer is from Volume 2 of the Better Sex Video series, *Advanced Sexual Techniques*. It depicts a series of men and women masturbating in comfortable bedrooms while sprawled on plush comforters and pillows. After that, there are samples of their preferred—and very basic—styles of oral sex, and segments showing the same people engaged in various forms of intercourse.

The same flat formula is used in another video series, *Loving Better*. The final cassette in this three-tape series opens with split-screen images of a man and a woman masturbating. This, the narrator declares solemnly, is to show you how the sexes differ. He introduces a later segment by intoning, "Let's look at another couple and see how they make sex a priority." For the next 10 minutes, we see a man and a woman having all kinds of sex while oriental-sounding music fills the sound track. It's great fun, but where's the "how-to" part?

Sometimes, the videos do offer very precise instructions. For instance, the Better Sex series' *Becoming Orgasmic* recommends that a woman hold her breath while exerting pressure on her lungs and diaphragm in order to reach climax easier while masturbating. "Think of what you do to make your ears pop when they are plugged," the soothing voice-over says, "or what you ex-

perience when you try to blow up a balloon but can't get it to start."

The greatest irony is that there is nothing new about how-to sex videos: they've been around for more than a decade, and the concept was pioneered in—of all places—Canada. Dr. Frank Sommers, a Toronto psychiatrist who specializes in sex therapy and marital counseling, made his first explicit how-to sex film (home video wasn't around then) in 1977. But as with its later American imitations, the film was only distributed to medical professionals and sex specialists for use in patient treatment and therapy. That changed recently when American companies began mass-marketing what were essentially clinical videos.

For the past three years, Sommers has been selling his own video line to the public. The Great Sex Series is available through Sommers' Toronto store, How To Video Plus, which carries a wide range of educational tapes on everything from salsa dancing to home renovation. But while Great Sex is easily the most sophisticated product on the how-to market, it is also the least well-known because Sommers lacks the marketing clout of his U.S. cor-



How-to sex video pioneer Dr. Frank Sommers: "this field is dominated by sharks"

guide

The Great Sex Series:

Three tapes, titled *Taking Time to Feel* (\$24.95), *Mutuality* (\$29.95) and *Sexual Pleasures* (\$39.95). For mail orders, add \$5 for shipping and handling. Available from How To Video Plus (1-800-387-7770) or from Dr. Frank Sommers (416-922-4506).

The Loving Better Sex Videos:

Three tapes, titled *Must-Know Sexual Basics*, *Discovery and Erotic Fantasy*, *Advanced Master Techniques*. Each tape costs \$19.95 (U.S.) plus \$4 shipping and handling. Available from Brandon Research (1-800-438-8149).

The Better Sex Video Series:

Three tapes covering basic and advanced sexual techniques, plus four tapes on sexual fantasies. Also two specialized tapes: *You Can Last Longer* and *Becoming Orgasmic*. Tapes cost \$29.95 (U.S.) each, plus \$8.00 shipping and handling; discounts apply if ordered as a set. Available from the Sinclair Institute (1-800-888-1900).

porate competitors. "They are ripoff artists," Sommers says in his rich East European accent. "If I had a chance to make my stuff more widely available, I think it would be a service to the general public. But this field is dominated by sharks and opportunists, while genuine medical therapists like myself are attempting to create something that can really help people."

To Sommers, that means infusing his videos with more of an emotional and sensual atmosphere. While the American tapes feature actors who perform with the precision of heat-seeking missiles—in one oral-sex scene in the Better Sex series, a man goes from ground zero to climax in four minutes flat—Sommers paces the sex slowly, using sound tracks of soft classical music and lovers who are couples in real life. The result is so steamy that those who watch the video alone might feel the need for a quick cold shower. "There should be no goal but to feel good in the moment," Sommers says of his approach. "The message is that sex need not be a performance or a rushed affair." Then again, one of the great things about home video is that if you *do* get bored, you can always hit the fast-forward button. ■

TV THAT'S A BLAST

Getting the most out of home theatre

If you're like most people, you went out years ago and bought a stereo system. End of story—except, perhaps, for the more recent addition of a CD player. Unless you spend an awful lot of time at home listening to music, you probably haven't given much thought to upgrading your amplifier or speakers.

Well, now there's a reason. It's called home theatre, and it's the hottest new twist in audiovisual technology since the VCR. Home theatre marries the TV screen with a "surround sound" audio system that far surpasses ordinary stereo for realism. Most feature films released on video today are recorded in surround sound, as are an increasing number of television shows—including *The Simpsons*, *NYPD Blue*, *Mad About You* and *The Late Show with David Letterman*. With the proper gear, viewers can enjoy three dimensional audio that is every bit as convincing as the sound available in movie theatres—better, in many cases.

Although surround sound has been on the market since the late 1980s, most consumers have yet to experience it. For one thing, it's not cheap: a mid priced system can cost \$1,500, not including the television and VCR. Trying to find someone to advise you on a surround-sound setup can also be an exercise in frustration, since sales staff in many high-volume electronics stores aren't exactly renowned for their technical knowledge.

Time to call in an expert. When it comes to audio, there are few people in this country better qualified than Paul S. Barton. A former classical violinist who built his first loudspeakers as a Grade 10 physics project, Barton is founder and vice-president of PSB Speakers, one of a handful of high end manufacturers that have given Canada a

worldwide reputation for speaker research. His designs regularly draw acclaim at consumer electronics shows and in the pages of international audio magazines.

Here, Barton answers several common questions about home theatre.



What is surround sound, and how does it work?

Quite simply, it's a way of reproducing in the home the dynamic-range capability and proper spatial balance of the best movie theatres. By using four channels instead of the standard two, surround sound gives viewers a sense of involvement in the action on the screen.

A lot of videos I rent have the words 'Dolby Surround' on their labels. What is that?

Dolby Surround, developed by Dolby Laboratories, is the most popular home format for surround sound. This is an encode/decode system that takes a standard stereo signal and splits it into four channels. This system is almost universally used by movie producers, theatres and manufacturers of electronic equipment for the home.

The Dolby platform consists of a decoder, left and right speakers, a centre-channel speaker (usually above or below the TV) and two surround speakers. The centre speaker handles the sound coming from the screen, particularly the dialogue. The other speakers reproduce the sound that in real life would come from either side or all around you.

What equipment do I need?

First, you need a two-channel audio source—a stereo VCR, laser disc player or television. Then, you either buy a separate surround-sound decoder and extra amplifiers, or a Dolby Pro Logic receiver, which has everything you need to decode the audio and power the speakers. This is the popular choice, and is available from a wide range of manufacturers.

When considering a system, make sure that the power supplied to the centre speaker is similar to the power available to the left and right channels.

That means that the small speakers built into most TVs are not a good choice for use as a centre-channel speaker.

On the other hand, the two surround speakers can be small because ambient sounds tend not to require a lot of power. Finally, I strongly recommend a sub-woofer to recreate the low bass sounds that you can feel in your body. When you add the physical sensation of an explosion or a jet flying overhead, it can make the difference between watching a movie and really 'being there'.

How much will a surround-sound system cost?

The best buy range for receivers is about \$400 to \$1,000, which should give you 40 to 80 watts of power on each of the left, centre and right channels and from 20 to 40 watts each for the surround speakers. More expensive models might offer simulated surround sound for non-Dolby encoded material. As for speakers, it depends on the size of the room and how loud you want to play the system. Just remember that speakers close to the television must be magnetically shielded. A starter price for bookshelf speakers all around, plus a centre channel, would be about \$600. Sub-woofers cost from \$300 to \$1,000. Keep in mind that the receiver in all these cases is capable of handling all your audio and video needs, including your CD player, tape deck and tuner. ■

By Ross Laver

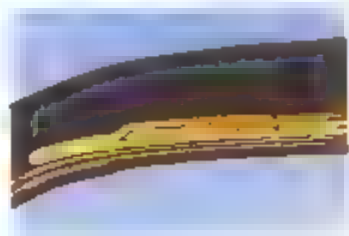


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The XGT Z is but one example of how Michelin has become the forerunner in tire technology. In fact Michelin leads the way with innovative engineering for every kind of tire on the road today.

Unparalleled performance. Ferrari.

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MICHELIN
THE
HIGHER
PERFORMANCE
TIRES

The XGT Series



World NOTES



DATE: 06/23/2017 17:23

NATO RETALIATION

NATO jets attacked a Bosnian Serb tank west of Sarajevo after Serbs fired a rocket-propelled grenade at a French armored personnel carrier and defied UN demands to remove heavy guns violating a no-weapons zone around the city. A U.S. attack jet strafed the tank, and two British Jaguars dropped bombs on it in the fifth NATO air attack in Bosnia this year.

A ZULU SPLIT

King Goodwill Zwelithini dismissed his powerful uncle, Chief Mangosuthu Buthelezi, as his top adviser and traditional prime minister of the Zulus, South Africa's largest ethnic group. Zwelithini said that he fears his life is endangered by supporters of Buthelezi's Inkatha Freedom Party. Analysts said that political fighting could split the allegiances of 7.5 million Zulus, upset the country's delicate political balance and damage an economy struggling to attract foreign investment.

SHOOTING SPREE

A Chinese army officer went on a rampage in Beijing, shooting to death eight people and wounding 40 in rush-hour traffic. Among the dead were an Iranian diplomat and his young son. Police shot and killed the gunman, who was apparently angry about having been disciplined for beating a soldier.

CANADIAN PILOT FREED

A Canadian pilot who stands accused of negligence was allowed to leave South Korea on condition that he return for his trial. Capt. Barry Woods, 52, of Vancouver was charged in the Aug. 10 crash of a South Korean airliner, in which no one died. According to Woods, the accident happened after his Korean first officer panicked and tried to abort a landing.

NUCLEAR SAFETY

Canada and 39 other countries signed the International Convention on Nuclear Safety to increase security at atomic reactors worldwide. The convention applies to land-based civil nuclear power plants and seeks to avert accidents such as the 1986 explosion at Chernobyl. A total of 485 nuclear power plants were operating or being built around the world in 1993.

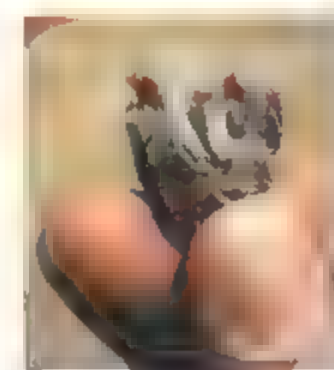
BACK TO THE FUTURE

Three years after being ousted by a conservative coalition, Sweden's Social Democrats swept back to power in general elections. Prime minister-designate Ingvar Carlsson, whose party captured 162 seats in the 349-seat parliament, is expected to form a coalition government.

A DEADLY LEGACY: Clutching a piece of cloth to her face in a desperate effort to protect herself from germs, a mother waits outside a hospital in India to admit her son, suffering from pneumonic plague. An estimated 200,000 panicked people fled the western city of Surat last week after the outbreak, which claimed as many as 70 lives in the span of five days. The disease is a more deadly strain of the bubonic plague, or "Black Death," that ravaged 14th-century Europe.

Humanity's family tree

After two decades of research, an international team of scientists said it had discovered fossilized remains of the oldest known human ancestors, apelike creatures that lived 4.4 million years ago on a forested plain in what is now Ethiopia. The new species, given the name *Australopithecus ramidus*, is believed to have lived around the time when the ancestors of modern apes and humans diverged.



**Fossilized portion
of jaw: ancestor**

Previously, the earliest known direct human ancestor was *Australopithecus afarensis*, the first and most famous specimen of which was found in 1974 and nicknamed Lucy. But the new species, fossils of which were excavated over the past two years at a site in the Ethiopian badlands called Aramis, lived about 800,000

years before the *afarensis* species.

The researchers—including experts from the United States, Japan and Ethiopia—found fossils of 17 individuals of the new species, *Australopithecus ramidus* (in the Afar language of the region where the fossils were found, *ramid* is the word for “root”) was about the size of a chimpanzee but with smaller canine teeth and a shorter cranial base—suggesting that the species could either

walk upright or was in the process of evolving in that direction. "The discovery of these ancient fossils and their context signals a major step in our understanding of human origins," said Tim White, a paleontologist at the University of California at Berkeley, who announced the findings.



Elaboration: Peter Fox Quarterly Photo: Concept

UNITED COLORS
OF BENETTON

SHOWDOWN

Ted Rogers and regulators clash over his plans to create a new multimedia giant

The warning was as blunt as the messengers who delivered it: either bless the deal or kiss Canadian culture goodbye. For months, executives from Rogers Communications Inc., including the Toronto cable company's colorful boss and major shareholder, Ted Rogers, rehearsed the case laid before the public at last week's Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission (CRTC) hearing. At stake is the largest multimedia transaction in Canadian history—a \$3.1-billion takeover of Maclean Hunter Ltd. of Toronto that, if approved, would create a sprawling broadcast, telecommunications, newspaper and magazine empire. And to demonstrate the increased threat of American cultural domination, should the deal be rejected, the company set up an 18-inch satellite dish on the roof of CRTC headquarters in Hull, Que.—just across the Ottawa River from Parliament Hill—and with the flick of a switch, flooded the television sets in the hearing room with 300 channels of U.S.-based programs. Rogers himself hammered home the point. Declared the 61-year-old company president: "People still care about not joining the United States."

The drama played out last week at the Canadian entrance of the so-called information highway also provided a glimpse of the government's difficulty in forming a national policy on the subject. Televised across Canada by Rogers and the cable division of Maclean Hunter, the four-day hearing signalled a dramatic shift in the Canadian cultural and political landscape. According to insiders, the CRTC is prepared to grant Rogers its desired approval for the creation of a multimedia Canadian giant that controls both the potential vehicles and the distribution of information. But in return, the CRTC, concerned that consumers have been ignored in the transaction, is expected to force Rogers to lower cable rates for its customers. It is clear, though, that the CRTC would consider the endorsement as a gamble. Commission chair

man Keith Spicer confessed to a group of private citizens opposed to the merger: "If you feel a bit lost on the information highway, you're in good company. So do we."

In fact, scrutiny of the controversial deal has raised more questions than answers. Under the merger terms, forged last March, Rogers, already the largest cable operator in the country, would win control of 31 per cent of the overall Canadian cable market. In English Canada, the company's share would be 44 per cent. In the lucrative Toronto market, it would be an overwhelming 84 per cent. Rogers would also acquire Calgary television station CFCN, and an accompanying minority interest in the CTV television network, 21 radio stations in Ontario and the Maritimes, Maclean Hunter's magazine division, which publishes a range of trade and consumer publications, including *Maclean's* and *Chateaufort*; Maclean Hunter's 62 per cent interest in the *Sun* tabloid newspaper chain in Toronto, Ottawa, Edmonton and Calgary as well as its 37 per cent interest in the Toronto-based daily *Financial Post*. The resulting media concentration under Rogers poses a dilemma for regulators. Critics say there are inadequate provisions in federal legislation to deal with such a creature—and little to stop it from setting its own rules. Testified David Galloway, president of Torstar Inc., which publishes *The Toronto Star*, Canada's largest newspaper: "Let's recognize this acquisition for what it is. This deal is about market domination."

It is also about uncharted territory. Arguing that only a company of significant size can marshal the resources necessary to develop new multimedia products, Rogers noted that his company was known for taking risks while others balked. In contrast, Michael Janigan, legal counsel for the

could also enable Rogers to poke about the business affairs of competitors. "There is a fundamental question," said William Ardell, chief executive officer of Southam Inc., which owns 17 daily papers across Canada. "If you were trying to run a newspaper, how comfortable would you be talking to Rogers about your plans for a possible new service delivered by cable, if you also knew you were basically taking your pants down in front of your competitor?" The following day Rogers's vice-chairman Phil Lind acknowledged that the newspaper publishers had "a fair concern" and repeated long-standing

its entry into multimedia services or other new businesses.

Representatives of consumer and cultural lobby groups also denounced the proposed merger. Ian Morrison, spokesman for the Friends of Canadian Broadcasting, said Rogers's potential influence over producers is cause for concern. "Like an iceberg, this influence may be largely invisible," said Morrison, "but that doesn't mean it's not there."

'People still care about not joining the United States'

—TED ROGERS



'Why is this a good deal for average Canadians?'

—KEITH SPICER

National Anti-Poverty Organization, countered that Rogers will be much more than "a glorified antenna service" and should be monitored like any other major telecommunications player.

Predictably, some of the sharpest attacks came from competitors of the proposed new media giant. Publishing executives argued that allowing Rogers to own newspapers and magazines as well as cable systems might tempt the company to set preferential prices for its own newspapers and magazines that wanted to deliver programming on cable. It

Spicer (left) and Rogers: warnings of a U.S. onslaught of TV programming beamed directly into homes by satellite

company promises of open access to its cable network. He added that another regulatory hearing might be needed to develop firm industry-wide access rules.

Officials from the alliance of Canada's nine provincial and regional telephone utilities, Stentor Telecom Policy Inc., urged the CRTC, which now has no control over the cost of optional cable packages, to put them under a price cap of \$5.45 a month. They argued that the cap would prevent Rogers from using future increases in cable rates to subsidize

But it was Spicer who first noted that the words that Canadian cable subscribers were perhaps most eager to hear—lower rates—were missing from the hundreds of pages of documents supplied by Rogers. "Why is this a good deal for Canadians?" he asked. Saying the cable company "wins the prize" for the highest rates in Canada, Spicer zeroed in on Rogers's comment that the merger would likely result in better service or lower rates within 10 years. He challenged Rogers, whose company charges as much as \$4 more than

its competitors in some areas, to commit to reducing basic cable rates by at least half the \$6.2 million the company expects in cost savings resulting from the merger. When Rogers countered that funds would be reinvested in service upgrades, Spicer retorted: "Even if it means having a serviceman come a couple of hours late, I think a lot of people would like lower rates."

As much as Spicer would like to give Canadian cable subscribers a financial break, the task before the six-member CRTC board is measurably more complicated. *Maclean's* has learned that the federal Liberal government, which could theo-

retically veto any CRTC decision, supports the Rogers deal, at least in principle. In fact, industry insiders say that a CRTC decision on Sept. 16 to allow telephone companies access to the cable market is also in keeping with Ottawa's plans to foster Canadian competitiveness by nurturing big-league forays into global markets. "The CRTC is an arms-length agency, but it is reading the tea leaves," said one senior official in the broadcast industry who requested anonymity. "Finding a way to let this deal go through guarantees that there will be at least one more major Canadian player in the field."

That would fly in the face of a CRTC penchant for seeking a tighter reign on the industry it regulates, a shift that did not pass unnoticed last week. In 1988, Southam Inc. sold its cable holdings in Ottawa to Maclean Hunter because of CRTC opposition to newspapers having cross media ownership. Said Ardell, "It appears there is a reversal occurring, whereby the cable companies are being allowed to buy content businesses. And that's where we are concerned."

Regardless of what the CRTC decides, some consumer advocates complain that the ordinary viewer's interests have already been shoved aside. After watching a Rogers executive demonstrate how to call up a shoe store by computer and order running shoes, Marita Moll of Ottawa, a private citizen who prepared her brief by consulting 57 Canadians plugged into the continental Internet computer network, complained to the CRTC panel that cable television and newer electronic media are already flooded with too much commercial content. "Information and communication. That's what we feel this is about," said Moll. "Not shopping, not video games or video on demand." But Ted Rogers warned that information and communication, with Canadian content, are not the only things at stake. If the merger is rejected, he predicted that Bell Canada and the telephone consortiums would wipe out the cable industry within 18 months. "We're not scared of competition," said Rogers. "But we are scared of obliteration."

E. KAYE FULTON in Ottawa

Designs on business

A new exchange aims to market innovation

When the Toronto Stock Exchange (TSE) moved into its stunning new Art Deco headquarters on Bay Street in 1937, the Canadian economy was struggling to emerge from the Great Depression. In 1994, as the economy emerges from the ravages of a recession, the grand old building in the heart of Toronto's financial district is again housing an institution whose mandate is to promote prosperity. But where the exchange of the 1930s helped businesses to exploit Canada's natural resources, the new Design Exchange, which opened last week, focuses on the benefits of design and innovation. Simply put, good design is the creative process that provides the vital link between a concept and a product that appeals to consumers. Guided by that philosophy, the new 40,000-square-foot nonprofit facility houses resource centres, meeting rooms and exhibition halls. Proponents of design excellence say its ability to add value to products is essential in today's rapidly changing economy. Says architect Howard Cohen, president of the exchange: "Good design can produce distinctive, salable products and services, lower production costs, increase prestige for Canada—and ultimately create jobs."

The need for a new edge is clear. According to the annual World Competitiveness Report published in September, Canada has fallen to 14th place among 22 industrialized countries, from fourth in 1989. When the emerging economies of Asia and Latin America are included in the rankings by the World Economic Forum in Geneva, Canada slips to 16th place. One reason Canada seems to be falling behind, says Cohen, is only two per cent of the goods manufactured in Canada are designed in Canada.

The exchange, which took seven years to complete and is valued at \$20 million, including more than \$6 million invested in the facility by governments, has a mission to improve those numbers. Its full-time and volunteer staff, including graphic artists, museum cura-



Viewing a display; the refurbished TSE (above): innovative approach

tors and even a former banker who acts as a liaison with business, will encourage Canadian business to be more innovative by staging exhibitions featuring the best in Canadian and international design, and by offering seminars, lectures and conferences. The facility will also serve as a venue for product launches from new cars to office furniture, and will act as a central resource for designers, businesses and academics. One key way it will do this is by creating and maintaining a multimedia

electronic database, the Canadian Design Directory. The directory will be available on-line in the spring of 1995, so that anyone from Vancouver to Halifax can gather information on Canadian design, designers and products since 1945. The electric kettle, the snowmobile and the cordless-electric lawnmower are all Canadian design innovations.

While the exchange was set up to help designers and manufacturers, Cohen says he hopes that it will also bolster consumer demand for better products. To do that, most of the exchange's exhibitions will be open to the public. The first, *Second Nature Things and Worlds of Our Making*, features 14 international and Canadian companies recognized for their effective design work. The self-guided exhibit, featuring everything from twinkling Christmas tree lights from Toronto's Noma Industries Ltd. to recyclable packaging from The Body Shop of London, shows visitors that design is part of their everyday lives.

The exchange itself experienced how difficult the design and development process can be. In 1983, the TSE moved to new larger quarters just a block away. The old building stood empty while politicians, developers and citizens' groups dickered over possible uses for it, from an urban garden to a banquet hall. In 1989, a small group of designers and academics gained the support of Toronto officials to occupy the historic building, if a deal could be struck with the developer, TV Centre West, which also had plans for the site. Eventually, they all agreed that the developer could build a fifth office tower on its city block-sized site—literally on top of the old TSE building—in return for giving the building to the city and restoring the original trading floor.

The recession slowed further fund-raising efforts, but proponents of the exchange eventually raised \$8 million to complete it. This included \$3.8 million from the federal government and \$2.5 million from the Ontario government, as well as \$1.7 million from the private sector. Fund-raising efforts, however, must continue. Only 40 per cent of the exchange's estimated annual operating budget of \$2.9 million will come from revenues—and none from any level of government, says Cohen.

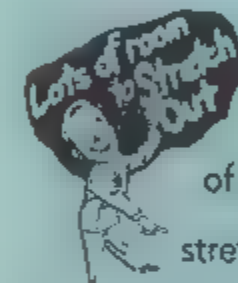
Still, Canada can now boast the first design-promotion and exhibition centre in North America. That puts it in the select ranks of such countries as Singapore, Germany and Sweden. The Design Exchange's next major challenge will be to convince Canadian business that incorporating design excellence into its products and processes is an investment in its future and not just an added cost.

BARBARA WICKENS

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SIGNS OF DEPRESSION

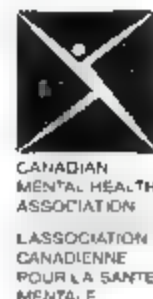
- ☐ Feelings of sadness or irritability
- ☐ Loss of interest or pleasure in activities once enjoyed
- ☐ Changes in weight or appetite
- ☐ Changes in sleeping pattern
- ☐ Feelings of guilt, hopelessness or worthlessness
- ☐ Inability to concentrate, remember things or make decisions
- ☐ Fatigue or loss of energy
- ☐ Restlessness or decreased activity
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- ☐ Thoughts of death or suicide

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BUSINESS

Speed demons

They don't get the tour jackets or the teenage groupies, but when it comes to prancing and posing in public, many portfolio managers could give The Rolling Stones a good run for their money. As individual investors have increasingly turned over their loot to mutual funds, and billion-dollar corporate pension funds have steadily grown in bulk, money managers have acquired unprecedented power. They are courted by brokers who want their trades, and coddled by corporate managers who need their support to raise capital. Those fund managers who establish reputations as hot stock pickers are widely quoted as authorities on a vast array of subjects. And when it comes to corporate takeovers, such as the rivalry for Lac Minerals Ltd. of Toronto this past summer, institutional investors can make or break a bid. Similarly, when senior executives undertake any initiative that requires shareholder approval—as the crew at John Labatt Ltd. of London, Ont., recently discovered when their poison-pill proposal was resoundingly rejected—they are often at the mercy of a handful of major shareholders.

But everyone is ultimately accountable to a higher power. And for fund managers, the end of September is one of those occasions when that lamentable fact is driven home. The end of September, you see, is the end of the third quarter of the fiscal year. And every three months, they must account for their performance to those who actually own the billions of dollars that they toss around in the financial markets. Every quarter, fund managers are expected to outperform some benchmark index and to justify any stock positions that fail to keep pace.

This short-term pressure on vast sums of money, which are held captive in a relatively small domestic market, creates some intriguing patterns of activity. As each quarter draws to a close, there is a flurry of trading on the Toronto Stock Exchange as edgy fund managers scramble to ensure that they have all the current darlings in their portfolios and that they have disposed of most of their mess-ups. In many cases, even



THE BOTTOM LINE

BY DEIRDRE McMURDY

the shares in a company that is poised for a dramatic turn around, like Magna International of Markham, Ont., get dumped so that fund managers preserve their sterling—if short-

sighted—record of performance.

But the frantic dash to the finish line every three months has some grave consequences for the corporations whose public shares are used as the pawns in this game. In fact, the singular focus on immediate results is often downright detrimental to the longer-term requirements of a growing firm. Companies, like people, have different needs at different points in their development. But those fixated on instant gratification cannot afford to make such allowances.

And when senior executives are attempting to ease their companies into a new direction, a volatile equity base can render them vulnerable to a capital crunch or a premature takeover.

If a new corporate acquisition takes longer than expected to integrate, or a recent asset sale causes dislocation elsewhere in the company, its stock may come under fire. That often forces management, which

is dependent on public markets to finance the strategic plan, to compromise it. Having eagerly endorsed Toronto-based American Barrick's bid for Lac Minerals, for example, it is almost certain that institutional investors will drive down Barrick's share price while it is still in the throes of digesting its new purchase. Even the prospect of a longer-term payout is not sufficient to overcome the aversion to short-term disarray. And the resulting higher cost of raising money—either debt or equity—can disrupt the best-laid plans.

Of course, none of this means that ineffectual executives who regularly whine about the tyranny of quarterly pressure should remain unchallenged. Nor does it mean that the market's verdict on a company and the deployment of its assets should be disregarded for very long. But it is always worth remembering, while poring over the latest rankings of fund performance, that Rome wasn't built in 90 days.

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(92)

Business NOTES

BIG COLOMBIAN PIPELINE DEAL

A consortium including TransCanada PipeLines Ltd. of Calgary, Interprovincial Pipe Line Inc. of Edmonton and four other energy companies won approval to help build and operate a \$3-billion oil pipeline in Colombia. The 793-km pipeline will link the Cusiana oilfields in northern Colombia, reportedly the biggest oil find in the Western Hemisphere since a discovery in the Alaska Panhandle in the 1960s, with the Caribbean port of Covenas.

SUDS ON DUDS

Brewer John Labatt Ltd., in London, Ont., which owns the Toronto Blue Jays and the Toronto Argonauts, and targets much of its North American advertising at sports fans, is using the same strategy in Britain. Labatt's U.K. subsidiary signed a deal, reportedly worth several million dollars, to emblazon its logo on the jerseys of Nottingham Forest, an English First Division soccer team, for the next three seasons.

WORKING ODD HOURS

Statistics Canada reported that four in 10 employed Canadians now work nontraditional hours—either more or less than the standard 35- to 40-hour week. The proportion of the labor force working non-standard weeks has risen steadily since the 1981-1982 recession, in part because many students, and women with families, want to work fewer hours. People working longer weeks tend to have managerial or highly technical jobs, or may be responding to pay-for-performance plans.

THE MONEY TRAIL

Senior RCMP officers say that drug dealers are using a legal loophole to launder up to \$10 billion a year through Canadian banks and brokerage firms. Federal regulations require financial institutions to keep records of cash deposits of \$10,000 or more, but not large cheques, money orders or money wired to accounts. Brokerage firms, in particular, are often unknowingly used by drug dealers because they perform many wire transactions.

LLOYD'S TRIAL BEGINS

The Royal Bank of Canada, the Hong Kong Bank of Canada and Citibank asked the Ontario Court to seize the assets of 18 Canadian investors who lost money in Lloyd's of London insurance syndicates. The banks provided letters of credit to the investors in the 1980s, and paid Lloyd's a total of \$4 million to cover the investors' losses. But the investors say that the syndicates were fraudulent, and that the banks should have halted the payments.



CN freight train: is the financial and political price too high to pay?

Back on the merger track

It is a business deal that could remove one of the cornerstones of Confederation. Last week, Montreal-based Canadian Pacific Ltd. (CP) formally offered to buy all of the operations east of Winnipeg of its Crown-owned rival, Canadian National Railway Co., for \$14 billion. If CN accepts the offer and it is approved by the federal cabinet, it would leave Canada without a government-sponsored transcontinental railway for the first time in over a century. As well, up to 2,500 of CN's eastern work force of 19,000 could lose their jobs after the takeover, which would leave CP as the only major rail carrier in Eastern Canada.

CP executives are clearly expecting opposition to the deal, and appear to have structured it to overcome possible objections. The \$14-billion bid for all of CN's eastern railway lines, railway cars, stations and office buildings—excluding Toronto's CN Tower—is less than half the \$29 billion at which CN has valued those assets in its books. But the two carriers have lost nearly \$2 billion on their eastern operations since 1989, and they have held merger discussions before. Barry Scott, chairman of CP Rail System, says that its offer would

pay down a huge chunk of CN's \$1.9-billion long-term debt. And while layoffs are in the offing, he says that CP would maintain current wages and benefits for CN's eastern employees. Still, the federal cabinet will ultimately have to decide whether the seller is being asked to pay too high a financial and political price.

Eyeing RRSPs

Finance Minister Paul Martin is being plagued once again by questions about RRSPs. Prior to his first budget last February, rumors abounded that he would lower the \$13,500 annual limit

on individual contributions to the tax-sheltered retirement savings plans. Last week, four Toronto-based pension consulting firms claimed Martin is once again eyeing the estimated \$5.5 billion a year that Ottawa forgoes in revenue because of RRSP tax breaks. Martin, who is unwilling to close off any options, declined to comment on any possible budget measures—thereby ensuring that he will be on the hot seat for several more months.



Martin: tight-lipped



Generation X plans its revenge on the nerds

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Now that the Quebec separatist soap opera has temporarily settled down, the hunt for political scenarios to stay awake by has switched back to the national debt. The award—a counterfeit penny with the profile of Paul Reichmann etched on it—for last week's most hysterical rant on the subject goes to Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce chairman A. L. (Al) Flood.

"Our quality of life is at risk unless we control and cure our fiscal cancer," he told a gathering of his Halifax customers. "The answer is spending cuts. Large cuts. More immediate cuts." In case the audience didn't get the message, he added: "We stand on the edge of the precipice with an entirely unjustified optimism that somehow we will inch our selves back to safety." Then, he got serious by listing the deficit's effects. "These," he gloomily prophesied, "are the symptoms of a near terminal case of fiscal cancer. Canada is behaving as if the cure is to ignore them."

In contrast, another banker, John Cleghorn, chairman-elect of the Royal Bank, broke ranks by bringing a sensible perspective to the situation. "The time for government bashing is over," he told the Regma Chamber of Commerce in May. "Blaming others for what happened in the past isn't helpful. We must accept that no single side has a monopoly on wisdom. If there ever was a time to reason together, it is now. Let's acknowledge that governments are now working hard to take the pressure off the level of our debts and deficits. Let's acknowledge efforts to get Canada out of a stubborn recession... particularly ones that would pay the unemployed to retrain or serve the community, instead of depending on passive welfare support."

The most interesting tack, in this regatta of big-business spokesmen competing to be heard on what they judge to be Canada's seminal issue, was a less-noted speech last week to the Investment Dealers Association of Canada by Ted Newall, boss man at Cal

Our kids will find a way to tax our pensions out of existence and make our RRSPs go up in smoke. We deserve it.

gary's Nova Corp., who is also chairman of the Business Council on National Issues. After making all the compulsory noises about the urgency of balancing federal budgets no later than 1999, he made an interesting and valuable point.

When his father retired in 1964, Newall recalled, Canada's national debt stood at \$17 billion. Interest payments on that debt amounted to \$36 per person, or only about two per cent of the average disposable income. When his daughter presented him with his first grandchild in 1982, on the day the baby boy drew his first breath, his share of the interest on the national debt was \$714. Today, the share of Newall's grandson (who is now 12) is \$2,062—that's 12 per cent of the average disposable income. At the turn of the century, six years from now, when young Newall is ready to leave high school, his debt interest liability will amount to \$2,828—and that's only if governments impose meaningful controls on the pace of debt expansion in the interval. "My grandson," Newall lamented, "will lose 13 per cent of his disposable income in perpetuity to pay interest on government debt—debt that was generated because my generation has been

living beyond its means" (Newall estimates that if the economy slows down again by the year 2000, which is highly likely, his grandson will be stuck with having to pay out 16 per cent or more of his disposable income to meet past interest bills.)

The unknown factor about this all-too-realistic scenario is how the young Newall's generation will react to finding itself in the absurd position of having to repay interest on loans from which they never directly benefited. Being Canadians, they may shrug and calmly dole out the cash to cover their grandparents' and parents' fiscal profligacy. But I doubt it.

Andy Sarlos, the buddha of Bay Street, who has given this matter much thought, paints a very different and more radical scenario. "We've created a lost generation," he told me recently. "We are passing on our debts to our children and grandchildren—interest on the money we borrowed to live way beyond our means. It just won't wash for us to tell them 'You're out of luck. You just have to pay back what we borrowed—or at least the interest on it—and if it means that this doesn't leave you enough credit to borrow on your own, and if it means that your standard of living will drop—we, that's just too bad.'"

That's not the way history will unfold, according to Sarlos. The thoughtful and politically active young men and women of Generation X and beyond will find the way to revenge themselves against the nerds (that's us) who floated the debt that threatens to eat up their earnings. Sarlos predicts that those of us still breathing when all this comes to a head will find our pensions taxed out of existence and the value of our RRSPs gone up in smoke. That can be achieved quite easily by hiring some vengeful post-modern Bank of Canada governor willing to turn on the printing presses and inflate away the senior generation's savings.

Or, more likely, it may begin to be done as early as Paul Martin's 1995 budget. The finance minister already indicated in his first budget that he was studying the possibility of taxing pension and RRSP plans. Some \$600 billion is currently being held on behalf of Canadian workers in pension savings of all kinds, including employer-sponsored pension plans, the CPP, QPP and RRSPs. Last February's budget specifically promised a discussion paper on the tax potential of Canada's aging population. That paper discloses that the effective tax rates on Canada's wealthiest households have fallen, mainly due to certain exemptions for pensions, life insurance policies and RRSPs. (RRSP assets at the end of 1993 totalled just over \$200 billion.) Some of the ideas being kicked around include taxing pension contributions, taxing income earned inside pension plans or instituting an overall wealth tax.

Any of these measures will raise howls from those affected, particularly because most pensioners have limited earning potential. Yet it's unfair to expect the next generation to pay for our indulgences. We spent the money now it's up to our kids to exercise their sweet revenge on the nerds.

PEOPLE

TROUBLED WATER

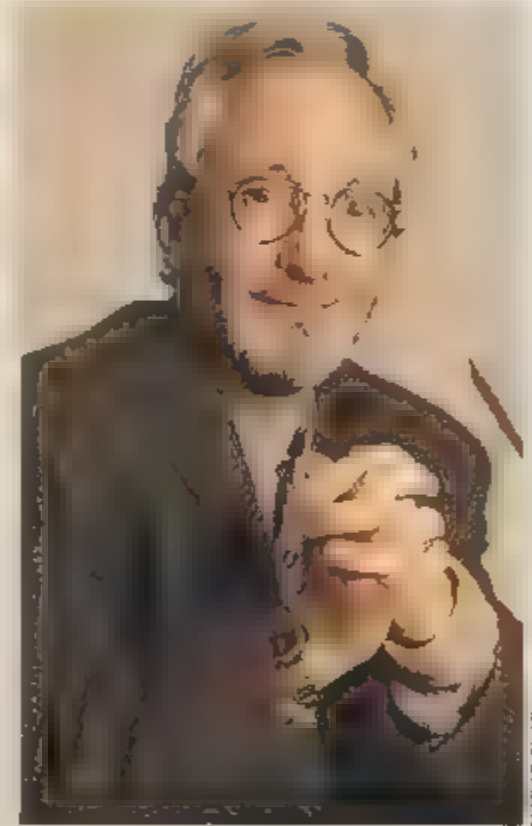
Twice, Canada's **Silken Laumann**, the best female sculler in the world, lined up at the 1994 world rowing championships in Indianapolis last week. And when she jumped the pistol both times, she was disqualified. "I clearly false-started," said Laumann, 29, as tears streamed down her cheeks. Laumann's gaffe underscored the poor outing that Canada's female rowers had at the championships, where they won only two medals. Still, for the second year in a row, **Colleen Miller**, 26, of Winnipeg, and **Wendy Wiebe**, 28, of St. Catharines, Ont., took the gold medal in lightweight double sculls. With the women's team struggling, Wiebe told *Maclean's* she was "so relieved when we realized it was over and we had won." The Canadian team, she said, had simply been unfortunate. "There is a lot of luck involved in rowing," noted Wiebe. "It just didn't go our way this year." But luck will likely row with the team again.



Wiebe (left); Miller: with a little luck, rowing for gold again

BLEAK HOUSE

"We are trying to be like **Charles Dickens**," says Home Box Office (HBO) senior vice-president **Robert Cooper**. "He exposed the underbelly of society." Since 1991, when Montreal native Cooper took over picture development for the Los Angeles-based HBO, many of its Emmy Award-winning specials have explored human anguish and corruption. *And the Band Played On*, broadcast in 1993, examined the spread of AIDS, and HBO's latest drama, *The Burning Season*, features **Raul Julia** as **Chico Mendes**, the Brazilian union leader who fought against ranchers destroying the rain forest. Cooper, who hosted the CBC program *The Ombudsman* in the 1970s, says there is a practical reason behind his desire to produce controversial subjects. He says that the only way to hold viewers is to offer them something compelling. Said Cooper: "I hope my movies force you to think." Dickens might agree.



Cooper: more like Dickens

DOWN TO EARTH

A major recording contract, a best selling record and sold-out concerts—too bad Vancouver rockers **Moist** can't get off the tour bus long enough to enjoy their success. The band's plaintive sound has caught the ear of record producers, and last March, the quintet inked a deal with EMI Music Canada. Since then, the band's recording, *Silver*, has sold so fast that it achieved platinum status (sales of 100,000 copies) about a month after it went gold (50,000 copies). Now, Moist is going global. In September, front man **David Usher** and guitarist **Mark Makow** flew to Germany to promote the recording. And this week the band performs live via satellite from Paris on MuchMusic's Canadian Music Video Awards. But the rockers are still coming to terms with their star status. "I felt like a rock star for a while," admits Usher. "But then you're back in your tour van and you come crashing down to earth." No doubt the success of *Silver* helps to cushion the fall.



Petty (left); Kain: hamming it up for charity

LETTING GO OF VANITY

In an age of spin doctors and image control, it's hard to think of very many celebrities—with the exception, perhaps, of certain comedians—who would allow themselves to be photographed while making fools of themselves. But that is exactly what *Canada AM* co-host **Valerie Pringle**, Reform party Leader **Preston Manning**, Maj. Gen. **Lewis MacKenzie** and about 200 other Canadian celebrities have done. All of them agreed to press their faces against a pane of glass while fashion photographer **Jim Allen**, 49, took their pictures. Why? Because the portraits will be sold at a charity auction on Oct. 5 to raise money for

Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children—a cause few people could turn down. Even **Don Cherry**, the tough-talking hockey analyst, could not resist hamming it up for Allen's camera. And despite an extremely exhausting schedule, prima ballerina **Karen Kain**, along with her actor-producer husband **Ross Petty**, mugged for the camera, as well. But Allen has another explanation for his subjects' compliance: "They were finally able to let go of vanity for a while." Then again, Allen expects some of the notables to bid furiously for their own funny faces.

Edited by TOM FENNELL

EXOTIC ATOM

Rolling up to a movie premiere in a limousine is a familiar ritual. But at the recent Toronto International Film Festival, Canadian director Atom Egoyan elected to walk to the North American premiere of his new movie, *Exotica*. Egoyan knew that refusing a limo could seem as pretentious as accepting one—but he had taken the luxury route two nights earlier with absurd results. After the festival's opening night party, he and his partner, actress Arsinee Khanjian, found themselves ushered into a preposterously long stretch limo. "I was ready to jump into a cab," recalls the film-maker, but his handlers at Alliance Releasing "had insisted we ride around in these limos." He directed the chauffeur to Riverdale, on the eastern edge of downtown, where Egoyan, Khanjian and their one-year-old son, Arshile, share a modest semi-detached house on a narrow little street—so narrow that the driver could not get around the corner. "He spent 15 minutes trying to negotiate the turn," Egoyan laughs. "You could see the dismay in the driver's face. He started to think maybe he'd taken the wrong people home."

It was an Egoyanesque moment, the kind of bizarre incident that could be a premise for one of his movies—a limo driver and a moviemaker go through the motions of a ritual neither believes in. One way or the other, Egoyan's films are all about ritual. They are stories of separation and loss, featuring characters with strangely fetishized occupations. In *Speaking Parts*, a hotel chambermaid is infatuated with a co-worker who moonlights as an extra in B-movies. In *The Adjuster*, a fire-insurance claims investigator provides his dispossessed clients with sexual solace. And in *Exotica*, a young stripper does therapeutic table-dancing for a tax auditor mourning his daughter.

Egoyan's movies are dark, disturbing and encoded with mystery. His tautly controlled visions of alienation can seem exquisite or excruciating. But over the course of his 10-year career, after writing and directing six features, Egoyan has created a unique body of work. His films do not look like anyone else's. The 34-year-old director, who was born in Cairo to Armenian parents and raised in Victoria, B.C., is now the most celebrated Canadian film-maker of his generation. Last May, *Exotica* became the first English-Canadian film in 10 years to be accepted for official competition at the Cannes Film Festival where it won the prestigious International Critics' Award. And at the Toronto festival, Egoyan won the annual prize for best Canadian film for the third time.

A favorite at film festivals around the world, Egoyan has a serious following in Europe—a German TV crew just finished filming a one-hour documentary about him. Now, his appeal is broadening. With each of his movies, he has gradually expanded his budget and his audience. Even before opening commercially, *Exotica*

has recouped its \$2-million cost with sales to distributors. In the United States, it was picked up by the Disney-owned Miramax Films. And Hollywood scripts are regularly showing up in Egoyan's mail. "His star is definitely ascending," says fellow Canadian director David Cronenberg (*The Fly*, *Naked Lunch*). "He has a world of possibilities opening up to him."

Cronenberg, whom Egoyan considers his mentor, recognizes some parallels in their work. "There's a dry intellectual humor coupled with a mischievous sexuality," says Cronenberg. "I think we both have that, a cerebral approach with some earthiness—the lascivious professor." And, just as Cronenberg has turned down offers to direct the likes of Tom Cruise, Egoyan seems

determined to pursue his own vision. Both directors make movies that "get under your skin," says American film-maker Quentin Tarantino (*Pulp Fiction*, *Reservoir Dogs*). "But while everyone talks about the voyeurism and creepy feeling in Atom's films, they forget that he's a really great storyteller."

Saturday morning. Dressed in a black T-shirt and black jeans, Egoyan serves black coffee in his kitchen, apologizing for the lack of milk. The house is a slim three-storey affair, renovated by the previous owner—its oddest feature being an undulating pine banister that ends in the form of a bird's beak. There are various artworks about the place, including one by each of his parents, and a New Mexican painting bequeathed to him by the late Jay Scott, *The Globe and Mail* film critic who helped put Egoyan on the map.

Sitting down at a patio table in the small, fenced-in yard, Egoyan reflects on his latest dealings with the Miramax publicity machine. "They are telling me

there are certain phrases I shouldn't use in interviews," he says. "They don't like me talking about 'ritual.' They would prefer I talk about 'game-playing.'" The director seems more amused than offended by the attempt to doctor his image. "Maybe I should do everything they suggest," he says, only half joking. "I'd be curious to see if it makes a difference."

While Egoyan's films tend to be chilling, hermetic and austere, the director comes across as a warm, genial presence, with an eager sense of humor. For an artist who has achieved such acclaim so soon, he remains gracefully modest and down-to-earth. "I've been very lucky to make my living at what I do," he declares. "Arsinée and I are new Canadians, and we are extraordinarily appreciative of the opportunity to make films in this country that couldn't be made anywhere else."

Arsinée Khanjian has been Egoyan's partner in life and art ever since he cast her in his first feature, *Next of Kin*, 10 years ago. And she plays a crucial role in his career. The 36-year-old actress, an Armenian who immigrated from Lebanon at the age of 17 and speaks five languages, has appeared in all of his movies. But she

PROFILE

With *Exotica*, Atom Egoyan has become the most celebrated Canadian film-maker of his generation

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Egoyan with Khanjian and Arshile: partners in life and art

also serves as his artistic foil, questioning his decisions at every turn. Although her screen characters are often eerily restrained, offscreen she is convivial and exuberant. Together, they make a striking couple—their faces forming a symmetry of bold eyebrows and seductive smiles.

The relationship, however, seems fueled by creative friction. Their closest friend, producer N.Y. Fichman, says it is "probably the most volatile and tempestuous relationship I've ever experienced, and yet the most true. He knows he has her support, but there are so many eruptions and tests that she puts him through. And that gives him such confidence because he knows that he's had to go through the wringer to make a decision." Egoyan concurs: "It's not a romantic process making movies together, not at all," he says. "It's fraught with tension and anxiety. But that chemistry creates something interesting when it works well."

Egoyan and Khanjian underwent an unusually difficult ordeal in making *Exotica*. By the time they were shooting the film, during a July heat wave in 1993, Khanjian was seven months pregnant with Arshile. Egoyan had written the script before learning he was to be a father. Had he known, he doubts he would have written it.

The story revolves around a father's ritualistic grief over the death of his young daughter. A tax auditor named Francis (Bruce Greenwood) frequents a striptease emporium called *Exotica*, where Christina (Mia Kirshner), a dancer tricked out like a schoolgirl in a tartan skirt, performs at his table. Francis is a voyeur who just wants to talk. And during his evenings at the club, he hires his niece (Sarah Polley) to "babysit" an empty house. With lambent flashbacks to a search party combing for a body in a sunlit field, layers of mystery are gradually stripped away. "It was such a perverse film for a new parent to have made," acknowledges Egoyan, who now has a babysitter of his own. "But it wasn't conceived that way."

Khanjian's pregnancy was incorporated into the script. She plays Zoe, *Exotica*'s enigmatic owner, who is involved in a tense triangle with its emcee (Elias Koteas) and the schoolgirl stripper. A deadpan Don McKellar plays Thomas, a pet-store owner who smuggles exotic animals and gets investigated by the auditor. Khanjian says that she and Egoyan were first thrilled by the way her pregnancy enriched the story—"We thought it would be a great metaphor, the way you inherit life and pass it on." Zoe and Thomas both inherited establishments from parents. And Egoyan, leaving no symbol unturned, points out that Thomas's act of smuggling eggs by taping them to his stomach is a kind of artificial pregnancy.

But the idea was more fun than the execution. "It was very disturbing," says Khanjian. "I was going through those incredible moments of doubt and need for complete attention. And here was this guy who every day was going on the set to direct what seemed to be a very perverse environment. I realized how much parents can become completely conservative. Suddenly, I was thinking, 'Oh my God, we are both parents for this child. What are we going to pass on to him? Is this the world we are introducing him to?'"

Egoyan's parents, Joseph and Shushan, emigrated from Cairo when he was three. Settling in Victoria, they changed their name from Yeghoyan to the more pronounceable Egoyan. Atom, named in honor of atomic energy, disliked being called that when he was growing up. And it did not help that his younger sister (now a concert pianist in

Toronto) was named Eve—Atom and Eve jokes soon wore thin.

As a child, Egoyan worked hard to assimilate, refusing to speak Armenian at home and covering his ears when his parents spoke it. Although they made their living with a small furniture store, both had set out with artistic ambitions. His mother had a painting accepted by the National Gallery of Armenia. His father had attended the Chicago Art Institute as a 16-year-old prodigy. But "he didn't really stick it out," says Egoyan, who was 10 when his father staged his last major show. "They gave him the whole second floor of the provincial museum in Victoria, and his show was just images of dead birds—it did not go over well. The year before, our house was full of dead birds hanging by strings from the walls and ceiling, birds he'd collected on the beach, dead sea gulls and stuff. He would pose them around the house and paint them." Adds the director: "I think I had a very early exposure to a very excessive mentality."

Egoyan says his parents had "a volatile relationship, and I saw the pain they felt in not being able to do what they wanted as artists." He appeared determined not to suffer the same fate. At 12, for a Christmas pageant skit, Egoyan set up a camera onstage and asked the audience to smile. "I remember everyone being stunned," he recalls. "It was a wonderful moment for me, feeling the power to undercut people's expectations."

From the age of 13, Egoyan wrote plays, soaking up influences from such writers as Eugene Ionesco, Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter. Later, after enrolling as an arts undergraduate at the University of Toronto's Trinity College, he began to make short films. And by the age of 23, he was shooting his first feature, *Next of Kin*—the tale of a bored 23-year-old who abandons his quarrelling WASP parents and masquerades as the long-lost son

of an Armenian couple in Toronto. Directed with startling assurance, *Next of Kin* contains all the basic threads that would distinguish his later work: the theme of family loss, the use of videotaped memories as a narrative device and the sense that the camera is conducting surveillance.

The movie also introduced Atom to Arsinee. While casting, he showed up at a rehearsal for an Armenian play in Montreal. Khanjian and her husband of two years, an Armenian dental student, were both performing. "Atom arrived in this beige tweed suit, with a nice tie and rimless glasses," the actress recalls. "The moment I saw him I thought, 'My God, if I had any ideal man in mind, this is it.'" Egoyan says he had a similar response: "I had this shining image of an Armenian princess—I used to joke with my roommate about it—and when I found her I was sure she was that person."

They did not meet until the next night, when Khanjian and her husband saw Egoyan at another play. Khanjian wanted to ignore him, but her husband insisted on going over to introduce himself. He then summoned his wife, who blushed in embarrassment as he persuaded Egoyan to audition her for *Next of Kin*. The director gave her a role, and during the filming they began an affair that would end her marriage. "My parents were mortified," she says. "I had a high-bourgeois life waiting for me, and here I was going off with this guy who had no obvious future."

Next of Kin was virtually ignored, which left Egoyan demoralized as he struggled to make ends meet, working for \$5 an hour as a porter at the U of T's Massey College. But after gaining some experience as a TV director, he made his second feature, *Family Viewing* (1987). The protagonist is an 18-year-old boy. He discovers that his father (David

Hemblen), who is estranged from the boy's Armenian mother, has been taping over the family's home videos with scenes of himself having sex with his mistress.

Egoyan still considers *Family Viewing* the film closest to his heart, and at film festivals around the world it established his reputation. Two years before Steven Soderbergh's *sex, lies and videotape*, *Family Viewing* explored video as a literal metaphor for distressed, disembodied memory. Egoyan stretched the idea even further in *Speaking Parts*, which featured video-linked phone sex and a mausoleum with video images of the deceased. The story takes place in a hotel, with Khanjian playing a chambermaid. (As a teenager, Egoyan himself spent four summers working in a hotel in Victoria.) *Speaking Parts* had a hot debut in Cannes: the third reel burst into flames. But the audience sat through the 40-minute delay, and the movie received warm praise from critics. "For someone just turning 30," wrote Georgia Brown of *The Village Voice*, "Atom Egoyan may be unforgivably sophisticated. His ideas about sex, lies and you-know-what make Steven Soderbergh look like a naive schoolboy."

With its narcotic pacing and deliberately stilted acting style, *Speaking Parts* could also seem unforgivably precious. But in his next movie, *The Adjuster* (1991), Egoyan grafted his otherworldly vision onto strong, naturalistic performances—by Elias Koteas as a fire-insurance adjuster who beds his clients, Khanjian as his film-censor wife and Maury Chaykin as an ex-football player with a demented fantasy life. Once again, Egoyan found the spark for the script close to home—a fire that destroyed his parents' furniture store on New Year's Eve in 1989.

For his fifth feature, the director downshifted to an intimate, low-budget experiment called *Calendar* (1993). Working both sides of the camera, Egoyan played a photographer who travels to Armenia to take calendar pictures of churches, and whose wife (Khanjian) leaves him for their tour guide. A simulated home movie, *Calendar* appealed to a narrow art-house audience. But its witty blend of postmodern formalism and unscripted cinema verité delighted critics.

By contrast, *Exotica* is Egoyan's most stylish, ambitious and broadly appealing work to date. With its haunting Middle Eastern score and aquarium-cool images, it casts a hypnotic spell that is sustained from beginning to end. All the performances seem tuned to the same weird wavelength. "I wonder how that happens," muses McKellar, who acted in both *Exotica* and *The Adjuster*, "because Atom never told me to act in an Atom Egoyan style."

Despite its dangerous premise, which is based on a confusion between the babysitter and the babe-stripper, *Exotica* is so brilliantly controlled that it never seems prurient. Egoyan dissects the paradox of table-dancing—an intimate act in a public place—without exploitation or moralism.

Khanjian, meanwhile, seems remarkably sanguine about her partner's choice of material. "I've never felt uncomfortable with Atom's portrayal of sexuality," she says. "It probably fulfills my own hidden fantasies, God knows." But she does have her criticisms of his work. "I get annoyed sometimes by the fact that he is very suspicious of expressing emotions in an overt way," she says. "It took me a long time to realize that it was not a gun-muck, because he's incredibly emotional in real life." But the most contentious issue between them, she adds, is the role of women in his work. "I find his movies very male-psyche. I'm not saying macho or misogynist—he uses a lot of androgyny. But he channels his subtleties through the male characters. The female characters are very condensed."

Still, Khanjian offers her partner wholehearted support. Although she recently took a role as a doctor's wife in CBC-TV's new series *Side Effects*, she suggests that she would put her career on hold for him if necessary. "It sounds tacky," she says, "but I'm going to be there for him if I can be of any use." Then she adds: "I get scared for him sometimes. He's very smart, and he has his head on his shoulders, but this is a profession where people love turning you into a god, then crucifying that god."

In fact, Egoyan seems to be conducting his career with supreme caution. As the senior producer on all his movies, he has a reputation for finishing them on time and under budget. Other film-makers envy the steady support he has received from government funding agencies such as Telefilm Canada. But his skill behind the camera makes a \$2-million movie look like \$10 million. And Alliance chairman Robert Lantos, who co-financed *Exotica*, says its budget could have been larger if Egoyan had wanted it—"he has a very strong sense of fiscal responsibility."

Now that there is mounting pressure for Egoyan to go mainstream, Lantos says that "making a movie that someone else could make could be damaging to his career." Egoyan agrees: "The biggest myth in this industry is that you should go out and make your big commercial movie so you can do what you really want. It never works." The one time Egoyan did direct a movie that he did not write—CBC-TV's *Gross Misconduct* (1992), about hockey player Brian Spencer—he seemed to lose his bearings.

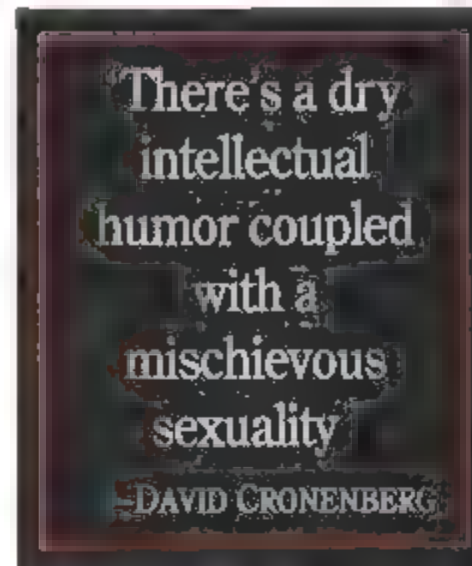
Although he says he is proud of it and loved making it, *Gross Misconduct* is uncharacteristically lurid and incoherent.

Now, Egoyan's options continue to multiply. He receives a lot of American scripts, typically dysfunctional family dramas and quirky sci-fi thrillers. "I get confused," he says, "because I have the option at any time of just crossing over. The fact that I'm even courting it makes Arsinee unsure." Filming his own material has become "addictive," he adds. "There's a child-like thrill in being able to tell these dark fables that come from the deepest recesses of your imagination and project them in full theatres. It seems unreal. That's what Arsinee gets upset about—that lately I've been taking it for granted."

At the Toronto festival, a full theatre awaits the premiere of *Exotica*. Egoyan, Khanjian and Lantos stand near the stage with the director's father, an elegant man dressed all in black who looks like Leonard Cohen. Joseph Egoyan has made a special request to meet Lantos, the money man. "Art without business, you can forget it," he tells the Alliance president as they are introduced. "Atom is an astute businessman," Lantos replies. "He learned that from me," proclaims Joseph with a grin.

Egoyan is called to the stage. He confesses that he is more nervous than he was at Cannes, thanks everyone he can think of, then sits down to watch his movie one more time. At the closing credits, the audience breaks the movie's spell with generous applause, and Egoyan takes the stage to field

questions, working the crowd with wit and charm. The first question is breathtakingly erudite, a mini-thesis about editing and memory. Someone else inquires about the etiquette of clients touching table dancers. Then, a man stands up to say he was reminded of Michelangelo's painting in the Sistine Chapel—"hands touching but not touching." The director does a double take. This is too much, even for him. "Yes, thank you, Michelangelo!" he quips, drawing laughter from the audience. And for a moment, Atom Egoyan seems to have found a place for himself in show business. □

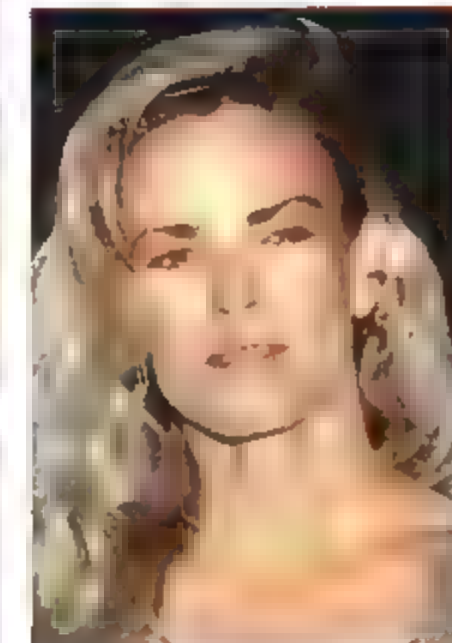
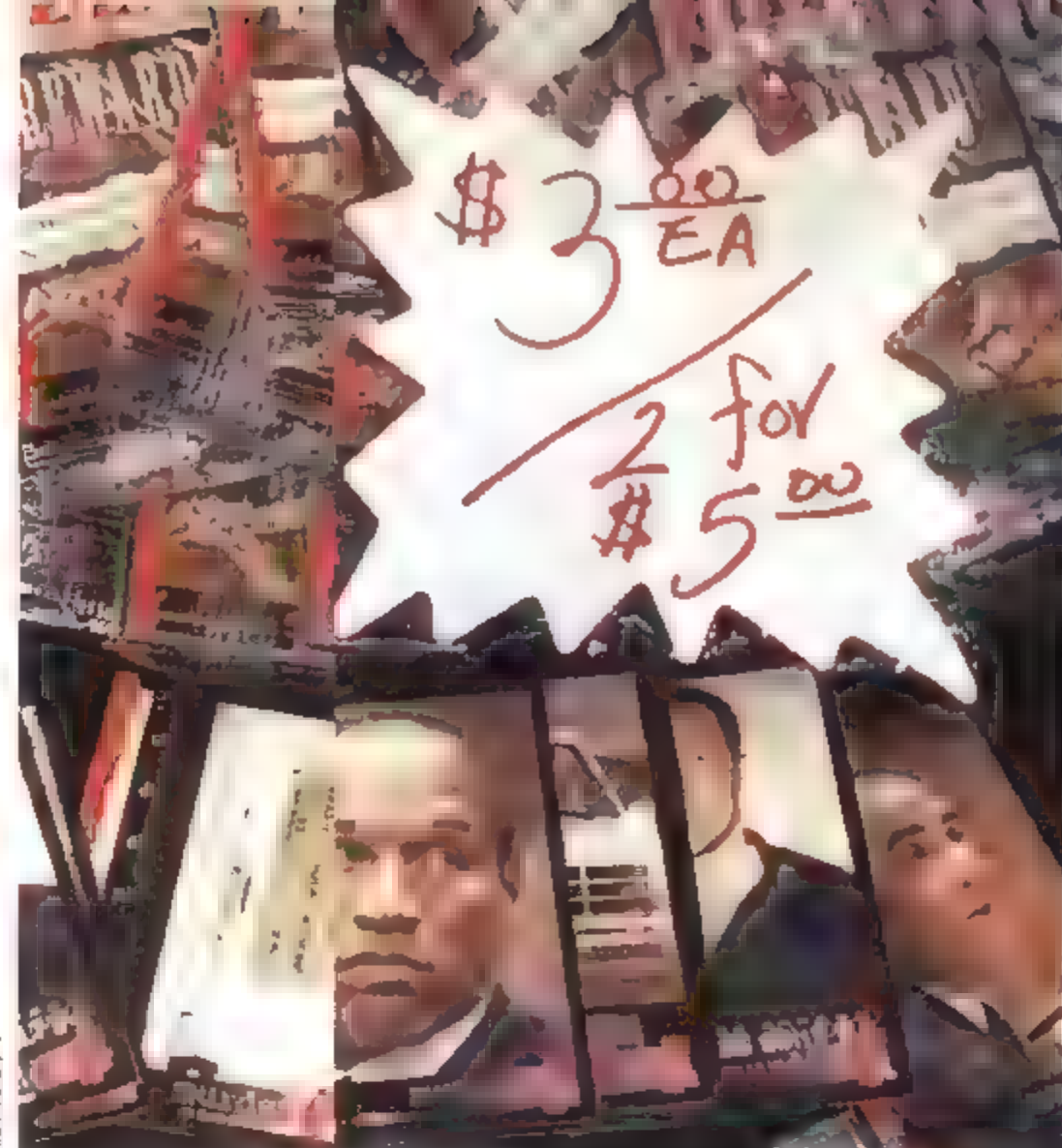


Exotica: casting a hypnotic spell, encoded with mystery



Calendar: dark, disturbing films that 'get under your skin'





Nicole Simpson; O. J. memorabilia (left): cashing in on the downfall of a legend

Lights, cameras, action

There has been criminal carnage on a greater scale, defendants far less presentable. But when football legend O. J. Simpson went on trial this week in Los Angeles for the murder of his ex wife and one of her friends, he had become the central figure in the most riveting, relentlessly publicized case in the history of mayhem in America. For more than three months, the spectacle of a fallen idol—or, at best, a tarnished one—has mesmerized millions and created a bonanza for thousands of hustlers of every description, from moviemakers to the writers of tasteless jokes offered on a computer network. "Anybody who hasn't heard about the case and formed some kind of opinion," says Loyola Law School professor Laurie Levenson, "would have had to be on Mars all summer."

Because people who haven't already made up their minds may be difficult to find, legal experts say the process of selecting a jury to try Simpson—who has proclaimed himself to be "absolutely 100 per cent not guilty"—could take as long as a month. That painstaking search involves sifting through about 1,000

JUSTICE

After months of sensation, O.J. Simpson gets his day in court

prospective jurors summoned to the Los Angeles County criminal courts building. The initial interviews were to identify and excuse those for whom jury service would pose a hardship. Next stop for the rest: Judge Lance Ito's courtroom. There, defence and prosecution lawyers flanked by private consultants hired to identify sympathetic jurors, would begin the hunt for acceptable candidates.

While impaneiling a jury may be an exhausting task, it pales beside the challenge facing the 12 people finally chosen. There were no witnesses to the fatal June 12 stabbing of

Nicole Brown Simpson, 35, and 25-year-old Ronald Goldman. The two were slain in front of Nicole's condominium in the ritzy Brentwood section of Los Angeles. Nor have police turned up the murder weapon. The prosecution's hopes for a conviction appear to rest heavily on matching Simpson's blood with samples found at the scene and on the analysis of two bloody gloves, one found near the bodies, the other at Simpson's Brentwood estate. The defence has argued that the murders were committed by two people, not one, and

that they would have been covered with blood yet police found none on Simpson or his clothing. Simpson's attorneys also contended that police obtained physical evidence from his home without a proper search warrant—but last week the judge disagreed and said he would admit that evidence. In the face of repeated, lurid media speculation about details of the case, Ito also issued a warning: cut it out or TV cameras would be banished from the courtroom.

For the jury, unanimity may prove to be elusive. "All you need is one person not willing to convict because of [Simpson's] popularity, and this case ends up with a hung jury," said University of Southern California law professor Erwin Schemerinsky. For prosecutor Marcia Clark, that is a prospective nightmare—and for good reason, public belief in the 46-year-old Simpson's guilt is not overwhelming. Opinion polls have shown that a third of white respondents and more than half of black ones believe he is innocent. And at a prosecution organized forum last month in Phoenix, Ariz., 12 of 17 make-believe jurors said that based on what they knew of the case, they would vote for acquittal.

Since then, the stoical, elegantly attired Simpson, once convicted and often accused of abusing Nicole during a seven-year marriage that produced two children—Justin, now 6, and Sydney, 8—has set off fresh demands for tougher penalties against wife-

beaters. The repeated—and so far unsuccessful—attempts by the defence to demonstrate racial bias among Los Angeles Police Department homicide detectives has made Simpson a lightning rod for blacks who have long claimed they are ill-served by the criminal justice system. And the prosecution's decision not to seek the death penalty if he is convicted has given credence to the notion that American courts look more kindly on the rich and famous—although the odds are that Simpson is no longer nearly as rich. He employs up to seven lawyers, including celebrities like Robert Shapiro and Alan Dershowitz, as well as investigators and forensic experts—and they may have absorbed much of

his rumored \$10-million fortune. But more than anything else, the Hall of Fame running back (Buffalo Bills, San Francisco 49ers) has become an unwitting meal ticket for a motley, highly energized legion of promoters who see not issues of guilt or innocence but a rare opportunity to cash in. Trash TV programs and sleazy supermarket tabloids proclaim exclusive interviews with anyone even remotely associated with Simpson, his ex-wife or Goldman. The *National Enquirer* is reported to have offered \$1 million to Simpson's friend Al Cowlings, who accompanied him during their memorable prime-time freeway chase in June, leisurely pursued by the police. Cowlings turned the tabloid down.

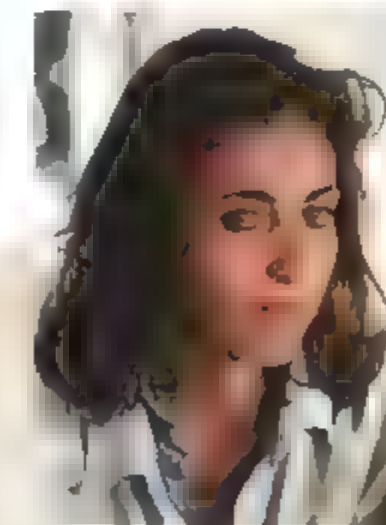
As the trial date approached, the chance to share in misfortune's wealth expanded. O. J. dolls that 20 years ago cost less than \$15 are going for more than \$400. A Hollywood

Heidi's little 'black books'

At the age of only 27, in a place that sells sin and big dreams, the doctor's daughter managed the improbable: she achieved overnight notoriety. Last summer, criminal charges laid against Heidi Fleiss revealed a ring of prostitution that caught some of Hollywood's biggest names in its net of rumor and innuendo. Soon infamous for her "black books"—actually red-covered Gucci notebooks—Fleiss seemed to revel in the attention. She gave interviews to magazines, appeared on talk shows and even opened a store called Heidi Wear. But last week, when Fleiss appeared in court on charges of violating bail—she has tested positive for drugs six times since August—media coverage was muted. The spotlight fell instead on preparations for the more sensational O. J. Simpson

murder trial, set to begin in the same Los Angeles courthouse on Sept. 26. For Fleiss, that may have been a good thing. Tired-looking in her prison garb, she was ordered to enter a drug treatment centre. And, for a moment, the alleged madam seemed childlike. "I want to go home," she groaned.

But there may not be much time to relax in her \$2-million Benedict Canyon home. Although her trial on five state charges of pandering and one of possessing narcotics—she has pleaded not guilty—was to begin the same day as Simpson's, the Fleiss trial was delayed last week until mid-October. Her lawyer, Donald Marks, said Fleiss needs more time for drug treatment. If convicted, she could



Fleiss: drug treatment

comedy writer set up a hotline, offering sick jokes for 99 cents a minute ("It couldn't have been O. J.—the Buffalo Bills have a history of choking"). Vendors jostling sweaty TV crews on West Temple Street in front of the courts building were selling "Turn the Juice loose" T-shirts for \$10. There were so many tour buses prowling North Rockingham Avenue that Simpson's neighbors persuaded the city to close the surrounding streets.

Simpson's home for now is a one-man cell in the Men's Central Jail in downtown Los Angeles about one kilometre from the courts building. He has received thousands of pieces of mail—3,000 on one recent weekend alone—and has signed 300 sports cards. They are being sold by a sports memorabilia company whose co-owner says the starting price of \$850 each has risen to more than \$1,500. What Simpson gets out of the deal isn't clear.

But his ultimate fate has so aroused public anticipation that the TV networks have assembled enough equipment to cover a war. Some have built scaffolding several stories high for camera positions. Dozens of trailers and trucks bearing satellite dishes are parked along the west side of the building and jammed into the L-shaped parking lot across the street where a stage has been set up for TV reporters. Jennifer Siebens, chief of the Los Angeles bureau of CBS News, said her technicians alone had laid 55,000 feet—about 15 km—of cable.

Last week, during pretrial arguments over such issues as the defence contention that one person could not have been responsible for both deaths, and the prosecution's rejoinder that only one set of bloody shoe prints left the scene, prosecutor Clark remarked "Murder is a messy business, your honor." But for thousands of exploiters and

hangers-on, it is, more to the point, just a business—and a lucrative one at that.

RAE CORELLI with ANN GREGOR in Los Angeles

face a maximum sentence of 12 years. More daunting are a separate set of federal charges scheduled for trial later this year. According to those allegations, Fleiss and her father, Paul Fleiss, 60, a Los Angeles-area pediatrician, evaded taxes by hiding hun-

dreds of thousands of dollars in profits from her prostitution ring. On those charges, the maximum sentence for Fleiss is 188 years in prison and a \$7.4-million fine.

Whatever her fate, there will be more opportunities to catch up on Fleiss's not-so-brilliant career. Former boyfriend Ivan Nagy, 55, for one, has sold his story to TV for \$135,000. When it comes to making money, as Fleiss herself has said, "people will do anything."

PATRICIA CHISHOLM with ANN GREGOR in Los Angeles

READ *between* THE WHEELS.



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NEW BLAZER
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Quirky Quarrington

An author fills his books and movies with likable eccentrics

Paul Quarrington was beginning to wonder if he was still a novelist. By his late 30s, he had written a total of six books, consolidating a reputation as one of Canada's leading younger authors. The accolades had begun with his third published work, *King Leary* (winner of the 1988 Stephen Leacock Memorial Medal for Humour), and continued with *Home Game* (1983), *Logan in Overtime* (1990) and *Whale Music* (winner of the 1990 Governor General's Award for fiction). Then, Quarrington got sidetracked by the movies. "After *Whale Music*, I was writing more screenplays," says the 41-year-old Toronto author. "And for about a five-year period, I had no real novel to write. It wasn't a particularly enjoyable experience, because you don't want to have been a promising novelist and then become a screenwriter. That's a career path I really didn't want, then you go to TV, and then to being a drunk."

Eventually, Quarrington did find a novel to write. And not coincidentally, *Civilization* just published by Random House of Canada—is about the film business. It is the tale of an early movie star making cowboy adventures for a maniacal director during the medium's infancy. The battle of wills between actor and film-maker has fatal consequences. But Quarrington says that his own cinematic adventures have been mostly rewarding. His screenwriting debut, *Perfectly Normal* (1990), a collaboration with Eugene Lipinski, won a Genie Award for best screenplay. *Camilla*, slated to open later this year, has an A-list cast including Bridget Fonda and the late Jessica Tandy. *Whale Music*, an adaptation of Quarrington's novel co-scripted by the author and Richard J. Lewis—who also directed—opened the Toronto International Film Festival in early September and is scheduled to premiere in Canadian theatres on Oct. 28. *King Leary*, another adaptation co-scripted with Lewis, may soon go into production.

Despite the anxiety he experienced during his five-year novelistic dry spell, Quarrington says that the dual nature of his career suits him. "I have this model of the great com-



The writer; scene from *Whale Music* (right): affection and mordant wit

posers," he says. "Beethoven, Brahms and those other people, they would never say, 'Well, I only write symphonies.' But they saved that part of them that was most important for the symphonies. I feel a little bit that way. I can save what's most important for the novels." Screenplays, meanwhile, are akin to concertos. "They're important, they're just not symphonies. Barring some major breakthrough on the sales front, you have to do what you can to support the family." Quarrington's consists of his wife, Dorothy Bennie, 35, and two daughters, Carson, 5, and Flannery, eight months, named after two of his favorite authors, southerners Carson McCullers and Flannery O'Connor. "And we're gonna stop having kids, because the next one will have to be either Eudora or Willa."

In his fiction and movie-writing, Quarrington tempers a mordant wit with sympathy and affection. Those elements were apparent in his first novel, *The Service* (1978), in which



the main character pays a huckster \$50 to solve all the problems in his life. He has continued to hone a style marked by lampoon and strange flights of oddly poetic language that he calls "riffs." Quarrington's use of a jazz term is not surprising—before deciding to be a writer, he wanted to be a musician. His love of music came from his psychologist parents,

Bruce and the late Mary—particularly his father, who played trumpet in dance bands in his free time. During the late 1970s and early 1980s, Paul and his brother Tony played in a rock band called Joe Hal and the Continental Drift, known for its satirical songs.

Quarrington's stories are told from the point of view of their protagonists, people inspired by real-world personages who have mutated into the author's own comic specimens. When the author began writing *King Leary*, for example, he was thinking about the early Toronto Maple Leafs star, and later coach and vice-president, King Clancy. "But that's a case," says Quarrington, "where I did start to research his life, but then found out that King Clancy was a wonderful human being, which is great for mankind but really rotten for a novelist."

Whale Music tells the story of reclusive rock musician Desmond Howell, holed up in his dilapidated mansion on the coast of northern California. A huge star during the 1960s, Des is merely huge as the story begins, weighing, by his own admission, "about 350 lb." He eschews everything but self-medication and work on his magnum opus, a symphony for sea creatures called *Whale Music*. Des's obsessive toil does not bear much artistic fruit until his heart blooms with love for an uninvited housemate, a troubled runaway from Toronto named Claire.

Superficially, Desmond Howell bears a similarity to Beach Boys leader Brian Wilson, who went through some psychological and substance-abuse travails of his own. But Quarrington says that he was mainly interested in imagining why someone would end up spending his time "wandering around his house. It became a matter of saying, 'Well, everyone just assumes that the man's crazy. But I bet you I can construct a predicament for him where this kind of response—to hide yourself away—is really the most sane response.'"

Quarrington's ability to inhabit the souls of such protagonists is what initially attracted film-makers to his work. "Paul Quarrington has an unparalleled ability with character and voice," says Steven DeNure, president of production for Alliance, which made *Whale Music*. "Nobody creates characters like his. They're quirky, they're unique, and there's been some tragedy in their lives."

Just as Quarrington's early days as a musician amplified the authenticity and detail of *Whale Music*, his movie exploits have in-

spired the new novel. "Three years ago, I went to the Canadian Film Centre—you know, Uncle Norman's [Jewison] school—as a resident, because I wanted to see if I could direct things, in case I write a screenplay. I feel I should direct," says the author. "They had this huge library, and I became intrigued with the early days of film-making. In one book there was a photograph of this odd mountain on which they built this Biblical city for a movie called *Civilization*. I saw the photo and something registered. I was out for a jog one day, and the first line popped into my head: 'I am damned, all because I wanted to be in *Civilization*.' You hear that, and you run for another mile or two, and you begin to think, 'Well, who said that?'"

Quarrington sees his novel, *Civilization*, as the first of a trilogy about the film business. But before turning to the second installment, he wants to complete another novel, and to

write "a nonfiction book about a kind of quixotic fishing trip I went on." As well, he and Lewis hope to get *King Leary* in production. "So I've got enough to keep me busy," Quarrington says. "You know what it's like in one's 20s when you have no work and no prospects of any kind, and then when you do, you start saying yes to everything people suggest. You keep getting into these messes because you're reneging on all these contracts. So I think that I've reached a point where I can now say no to some things. Maybe I'll take a little time and just clean up my office." But it's hard to imagine a work slowdown in Quarrington's imagination. And chances are that while he is sorting through papers or cleaning out his files, another outlandish character will spring to mind, demanding that his story be told.

JUSTIN SMALLBRIDGE

Rock in a literary groove

It is a particularly eerie case of life imitating art. In Paul Quarrington's novel *Whale Music*, rock musician Desmond Howell writes a song called *Claire* that unexpectedly becomes a hit single. Recently, the Rheostatics, a Canadian rock band with no previous hit singles to its credit, recorded a sound track for the film adaptation, including their own version of *Claire*. The song, a dreamy slice of melodic pop, is now getting airplay on commercial radio stations across Canada, exposing the critically acclaimed group to its largest audience to date. "Normally, we just follow our instincts on our albums," admits guitarist Dave Bidini. "Here, we got a chance to pretend to be someone else and wound up with the pop song nobody thought we could write."

For the Rheostatics, a band known for quirky lyrics, unusual tempos and an inventive jumble of musical styles, success has been elusive. And it is fitting that it should come through the band's association with Quarrington, who inspired the group to call its second album *Whale Music*. Bidini, 31, added that the novelist's hockey and baseball books have also been influential. "For a long time, it was hard to be hip about sports in music," he says. "But those books suddenly made it a lot easier." The band has since recorded songs about former Toronto Maple Leafs captain Wendel Clark and Toronto Blue Jays Roberto Alomar.

Formed in 1980, the Rheostatics have long had a penchant for things Canadian that is only partly ironic. On the group's first cross-country tour in 1987, its members—including guitarist Martin Tielli, 27, bassist

Tim Vesely, 30, and drummer Dave Clark, 28—wore matching red tartan blazers. They later recorded a version of Gordon Lightfoot's classic *The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald* and struck up a kinship with Stompin' Tom Connors, who embraced



The Rheostatics: a penchant for things Canadian

them as dyed-in-the-woollen-toque patriots.

A portion of Canadian poet Al Purdy's *Wilderness Gothic*, meanwhile, is featured on the band's latest album, *Introducing Happiness*. And Bidini says the Rheostatics hope to have the 75-year-old poet open the Toronto concert of their upcoming Canadian tour. Notes Bidini, a published fiction writer himself: "It's a tip of the hat to the grand old fella of Canadian letters." Already favorites of Canadian pop's alternative scene, the Rheostatics are fast becoming the darlings of the CanLit crowd as well.

NICHOLAS JENNINGS

'A commando raid'

Curiously, there are times when the current Toronto production of *Nothing Sacred* echoes the now defunct CBC television series *Street Legal*. Take the scene in George F. Walker's hit play where Eric Peterson—the wiry, angst-ridden actor who played Leon in the TV show and who is now appearing as Pavel, a style-conscious aristocrat—pays court to the beautiful terrorist, Anna. Her role is being played by Sonja Smits, another *Street Legal* alumnus, who retired from the role of lawyer Carrie Barr two years ago. In the series, Peterson's character had a secret crush on Barr, but in *Nothing Sacred* he gets to shower Smits's Anna with the full force of his affections. "At last," Peterson joked in a recent interview, "I get to do in *Nothing Sacred* what I wanted to do all those years of *Street Legal*—declare my undying love for Sonja Smits."

Peterson has even more important reasons for celebrating his appearance in *Nothing Sacred*. The play represents a chance for one of the country's finest stage actors to stretch his artistic wings after seven years of serving the narrow demands of formatted TV. "Part of me felt great relief at the demise of *Street Legal*," he admits. "I was like someone just released from the penitentiary—I'm free!"

Yet Peterson also owns up to a "deep ambivalence" about leaving the series. Like many actors, he is torn between the superior challenges of stage work and the financial security and wide public exposure offered by a television series. "It's hard to no longer be a TV star," he said. "People used to stop me on the street and tell me how much they liked my work."

Peterson's ambivalence may be somewhat assuaged, however, if *Nothing Sacred* is as successful as its producers hope. The show is an attempt to give Toronto the kind of serious, long-running commercial drama it is possible to see in London or New York City. Currently, the only high-profile entertainments in the city are imported mega-musicals such as *Miss Saigon* and *Phantom of the Opera*. Theatregoers who wish to see Canadian drama must seek it out in one of the city's smaller, more out-of-the-way, grant-supported

A Canadian classic makes a risky grab at the big time



Smits (left), Peterson: star turns in a thoroughly modern play

venues—where runs are generally limited to only a few weeks.

On the other hand, *Nothing Sacred*'s producers—five theatre professionals, including Toronto-born Walker, who also co-directed the play—have managed to book an open-ended run in one of the city's most attractive locations. The restored 1,000-seat Winter Garden is just down Yonge Street from the Pantages Theatre (where *Phantom* is playing) in the centre of Toronto's prime tourist area.

When the Winter Garden (along with its sister theatre downstairs, the Elgin) was renovated by the Ontario government in 1989, it was widely touted as a place where new or proven Canadian plays could be brought to a larger public. But—thanks partly to high

rents—it has rarely been used for full-scale productions, and has been viewed by many as a missed opportunity. Walker himself has described the *Nothing Sacred* venture as "a commando raid" to secure the space for Canadian theatre "before it disappears."

Certainly, if any drama can run commercially in Toronto, it is Walker's brilliant 1988 adaptation of Ivan Turgenev's 1861 novel, *Fathers and Sons*. *Nothing Sacred* may well be the most successful Canadian play ever written: it has been widely produced across the English-speaking world, usually to the sort of raves most playwrights only hear in their daydreams.

Like the novel, Walker's play focuses on one of modern literature's most original creations: Bazarov, the iconoclastic young Russian for whom Turgenev coined the term "nihilist." Played by Randy Hughson, Bazarov treads on the sensibilities of virtually everyone in the drama, particularly the romantic, mannered old aristocrat, Pavel—with whom he ultimately fights a tragicomic duel.

Nothing Sacred is an almost faultless blend of Turgenev's genius for creating a beautifully structured story with memorable characters, and Walker's uncanny penchant for off-the-wall wit and black humor. Though staged in period dress, it is a thoroughly modern play about the conflict between those who want to radically change mankind (often brutally and against its wishes) and those who would like to be left to their loves and illusions.

The current production is much more freewheeling, much closer to farce than when it originally premiered in Toronto in 1988. With several outstanding performances (led by Peterson's wildly funny, poignant Pavel), it makes abundantly clear why this play has become a Canadian classic.

Peterson himself has a \$5,000 share in the show's \$1.1-million budget. He likes to joke that, during rehearsals, this gave him the right to offer advice. "I could speak as an investor," he said, drawing himself up importantly, "not just as a meddling, hysterical actor." If the show closes early, Peterson could be in the rare position of being a performer who loses money during a run.

Yet the veteran actor—no longer a TV star, no longer financially secure, no longer stopped by fans of *Street Legal*—gives the impression that he is exactly where he wants to be. Says Peterson, "Live performance is the cutting edge of entertainment. When you're in a play that's successful and running, it can be the height of your existence."

JOHN BEMROSE

BOOKS

In the line of fire

Alienation stalks foreign correspondents

GUERRILLA BEACH

By Oakland Ross

(Cormorant, 283 pages, \$14.95)

In Oakland Ross's fiction, foreign correspondents are loners who travel in packs. Stationed in dangerous corners of the world, broadcast and print journalists, photographers and TV camera crews stay in the same hotels. They carpool their way into the hot spots to get a story, and when they are off duty, they smoke, drink and eat together. Despite all that togetherness, they keep their emotional distance from each other. Showing fear, in particular, is bad form. Ross was *The Globe and Mail's* Latin American correspondent between 1981 and 1985, and *Guerrilla Beach* is his first book. It depicts the horrors of war in El Salvador, as well as the covert terrors of Chile during Augusto Pinochet's dictatorship, with chilling vividness. But many of Ross's char-

acters seem perfunctorily sketched—and too self-contained to forge revealing relationships with anyone.

While the majority of the stories in this collection focus on gringo journalists, two of the best pieces are about Latin Americans. One of them, *So Far, She's Fine*, is a disturbing, tightly written tale that begins: "Carmen Lukovic Gasteozoro returned from the dead at 8:25 last Thursday morning, riding in the back seat of a Santiago taxicab." Carmen is a sports-loving, apolitical 18-year-old

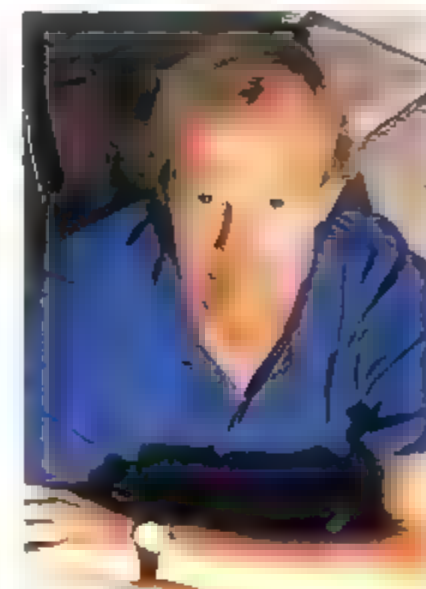
who was abducted, tortured and raped by the Chilean police—and then, miraculously, released. On the surface, she seems strangely unscathed by the ordeal. Gradually, her fami-

ly realizes that she is a little too upbeat, a little too restless, to be completely fine.

In *View of Guazapa*, Javier Mena is far from fine, and he knows it. A half-American, half-Costa Rican political science professor living in El Salvador, he sympathizes with the country's left-wing guerrillas. Shielded only by verbal promises of anonymity, he agrees to explain the guerrillas' point of view to visiting journalists. "I've got no wish to become famous," he says to them. "You realize

what happens to famous people in this country?" When he hears suspicious sounds at night coming from the apartment above his own, his fear rises. And when he begins to suspect that the guerrillas are as guilty of wanton cruelty as the government, Mena is caught in a claustrophobic waking nightmare.

With the very impressive exception of *Synonyms for War-torn*, Ross's stories about foreign correspondents never quite spring to life on the page. *Dangerland, Welcome to the War* and *Fighting in Gotera* all deal with hacks and cowboys—known to the uninitiated as journalists and photographers—who have already faced, or are about to face, the experi-



Ross: the horrors of war

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BOOKS

ence of being under fire. Some are cool, some are cowardly. Most of them are so two-dimensional that they scarcely warrant a reader's sympathy. There are some deft bits of stage business, however. In *Fighting in Gotera*, before a prissy, buttoned-down journalist eats some food in a war zone, she reaches into her knapsack and pulls out a lemon-scented sterilized paper towlette. Unfortunately, Ross's touch in this story is not always so light. One of his characters wakes up with "the metallic taste of doom lying thick upon his tongue."

The least successful story in the collection is the title piece. Parts of it read like hard-boiled, half-baked Ernest Hemingway parodies. One section describes the story's protagonist, newspaper correspondent Jeff Oliphant, at work. "[He] stayed up most of the night knocking the story out on his portable typewriter that was missing the little plastic keys on the 'e' and the 'k'." He jabbed at the metal rods until his fingers bled. He dug out his Band-Aids and kept on typing. More scotch.

Jeff is stationed in El Salvador when his editor, whom he loathes but has never met face to face, decides to pay him a visit. Jeff, the editor and some other journalists strike out for the beach where the "gees"—guerrillas—are rumored to take their holidays. Sure enough, they meet up with some amiable guerrillas, and everyone romps on the sand for days and days. Jeff strikes up "a woozy kind of friendship" with one of the women rebels. Her name was Marisol, and she had curly black hair, a turned-up nose and a voice as sweet as cantaloupe. She could break down and reassemble her FN rifle in 25 seconds flat, blindfolded, and she let him watch her do it. Sounds like something Hemingway might have written on a really uninspired day. But surely he would have crossed it out.

It's hard to know what to make of a collection that contains something as weak as *Guerrilla Beach* and as good as *Synonyms for War-torn*. In *Synonyms*, the book's final story, the central character is Chas Whepler, a journalist who has been based in El Salvador for three long years. After hearing that several children have just been abducted from a local barrio, he makes his way to the dirt-poor community to investigate. Whepler soon realizes that the people who live there imagine that a foreign journalist has "some sort of power, some knowledge or influence" that will enable him to bring back their children. He knows that all he really has is "a pretty good story for the Monday paper."

This piece gets at one of journalism's queasy truths: that reporters often profit professionally by documenting the suffering of others. But at the same time, and almost in spite of himself, Whepler feels compelled to join in one mother's search for her missing child. *Synonyms for War-torn* is involving, complex and devoid of false notes. It suggests that Ross may someday write a more satisfying volume of fiction than *Guerrilla Beach*.

PAMELA YOUNG

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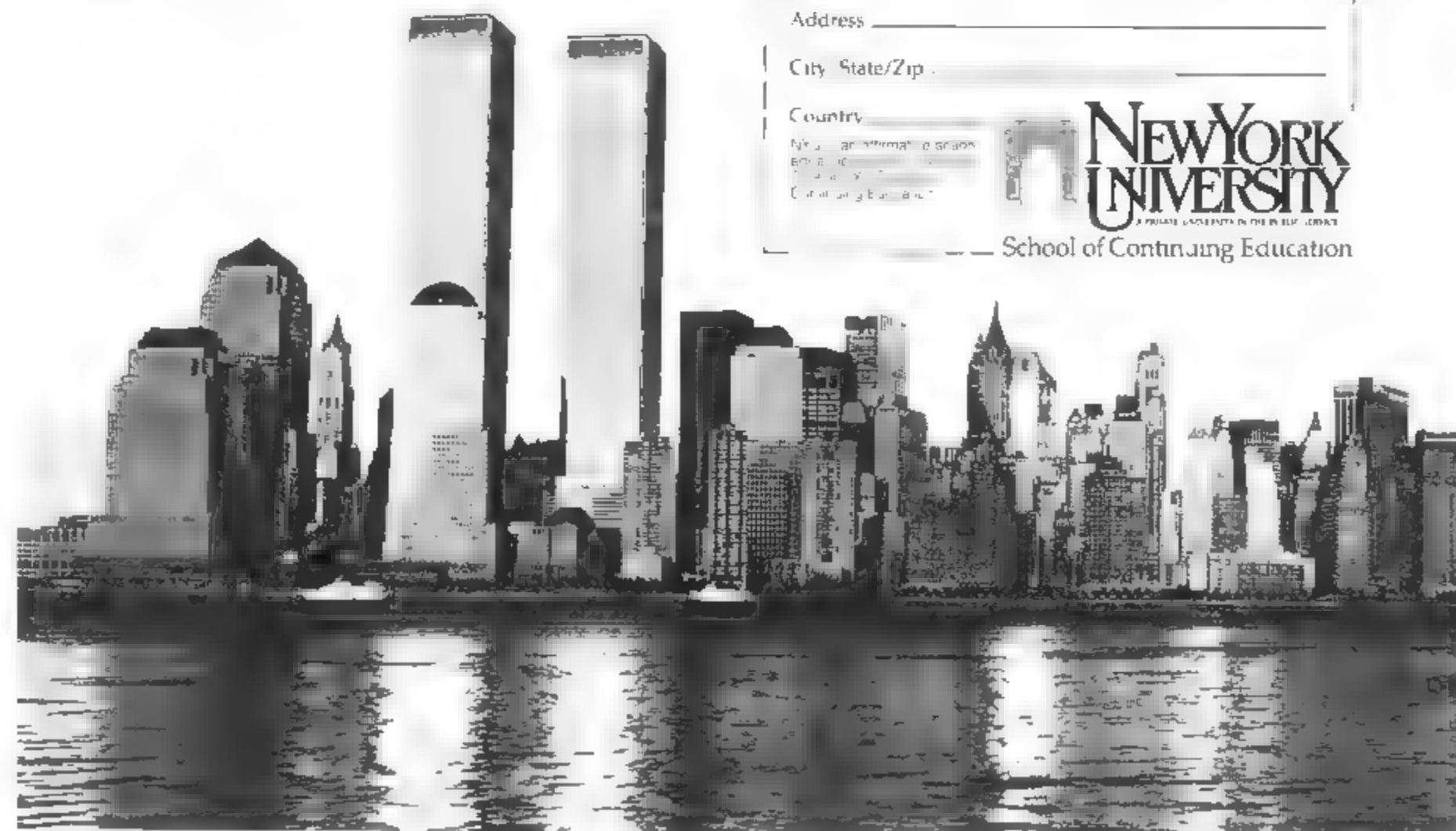
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FILMS

Wedding-bell hell

The young and the restless get married



Stoltz (left), Tilly, Sheffer: everyone is a recovering commitment-phobe

SLEEP WITH ME

Directed by Rory Kelly

At first, it seems to be just another love-triangle trifle for hip twentysomethings—*Jules and Jim* meets Generation X in California. And *Sleep with Me* does turn out to be featherbed-light. But as the story unfolds, the sharp, quirky intelligence behind the camera comes into focus. Actually, *Sleep with Me* was scripted by six male friends, including novice director Rory Kelly. The collaborators, each of whom wrote a segment of the movie, have come up with some tart dialogue and astute observations on late-breaking trends in love and friendship. In *Sleep with Me*, guys can joke that there might be homoerotic tension between heterosexual buddies. And gals go on loving the men who hate women because they get a certain thrill out of putting misogynists through the wringer. Just about everybody, meanwhile, is a recovering commitment-phobe.

The plot of *Sleep with Me* does not amount to much—the title pretty well says it all. Joseph (Eric Stoltz) and Sarah (Meg Tilly) have been living together for years. While on a road trip with their friend Frank (Craig Sheffer), Joseph proposes to Sarah. Several months later, the two say their vows, but not before Sarah confesses to Frank that she once considered making a play for him. Then, Frank, of course, realizes that he has always been in love with Sarah and absolutely must have her.

Tension mounts between the two young

men during a series of poker games, dinners and parties. The gatherings are the real substance of the movie: for this crowd, friendship has replaced family ties as the main social dynamic. And it's in those scenes that the filmmakers' acuity is apparent. Most of the couples, it seems, need to air their private frustrations in front of their pals, who watch the ragged, volatile fights that ensue with a mixture of horror and amusement.

Eventually, the rivalry between Joseph and Frank becomes the main event. But there are a number of hilarious side attractions, including a wacky diatribe delivered by the party guest from hell (played by film-maker Quentin Tarantino), who argues interminably that the Tom Cruise movie *Top Gun* is really about the hero's close call with homosexuality.

Occasionally, the characters' pronouncements about relationships are fatuous. "Marriage can be like a bad night of poker," one husband laments. "It can break you, and you can leave with nothing." And one casualty of the movie's script-committee origins is character. Although Sheffer does his best to be affecting, Frank is a one-note construct—the immature romantic. Joseph, meanwhile, is the weakest link, an average guy who gets few distinguishing characteristics in Stoltz's portrayal. Ultimately, the film is more about a state of mind than real people. And, sure, Gen-X angst is becoming, like, tiring. But there is enough wit and energy in *Sleep with Me* to make the audience want to stay up and watch.

PATRICIA HLUCHY



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THE RIVER WILD

Directed by Curtis Hanson

The thing about rivers is that, in the short term at least, they are very predictable. The water generally flows in one direction, and all of it ends up in the same place. The thing about *The River Wild* is that it, too, is very predictable. Twenty minutes into the white-water adventure thriller, anyone familiar with Hollywood conventions knows beyond a doubt that the plot is going to flow through the Valley of Familial Reconciliation, before ending up in that familiar place called Happy Ending. There are some nice vistas along the way, and a couple of thrilling rides through rapids and waterfalls, but audiences have already been down this particular route too many times.

The movie is a kind of feminist *Deliverance*,



Scene from the movie: negotiating marital rapids

without that movie's moral resonance. Gail (Meryl Streep) is a mother of two, negotiating the rapids of marital breakdown. Her husband, Tom (David Strathairn), is a workaholic Boston architect—Hollywood's preferred profession for men these days. At the last minute,

he pries himself away from his drafting table to join Gail and their 10-year-old son, Roarke (Joseph Mazzello), on a rafting trip down the river where she used to work as a guide. They meet another rafter, Wade (Kevin Bacon), a charmer who has psychopath written all over him. Wade's guide mysteriously disappears, and since he and his partner (John C. Reilly) lack outdoorsy skills, they glom on to Gail.

Things proceed according to formula. Gail and Roarke are initially drawn to Wade. Father, of course, knows best, but it takes a while for the rest of the family to recognize Wade's creepiness. Eventually, the bad guys break their cover, and it becomes clear that they are on the lam after a violent robbery. And when the going gets tough, the fractured family draws together. The only twist is that mom plays a major role in saving the day. Even so, she needs the help of the effete Tom, who uses his engineering savvy to foil the villains.

It is sad to see the gifted Streep in such a dismal role. Even so, she acquits herself fairly well, and actually handled 90 per cent of the rapids herself. Strathairn, however, who was so impressive in *Passion Fish*, seems almost paralyzed by the clichés he was given to work with. For director Curtis Hanson (*The Hand that Rocks the Cradle*), the river is a symbol for family life. And in his banal view, love is a raft in troubled waters.

PATRICIA HLUCHY

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Lucky Lucien: the real premier of Quebec

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

We have a delightful year before us. Constitutional nuances back on the table. Shouting matches in Question Period. Political science professors slaver at the mouth, book contracts at the ready. Editorial writers in high dudgeon.

Everything we hate and vowed not to repeat again is about to repeat again. Margaret Atwood has written that the beaver is the only animal that, to fend off pursuing enemies, will bite off its own testicles and leave them as a delaying method. That is Canada. Thank you, Ms. Atwood.

Our only problem is with another animal. That would be the pushmi-pullyu, Dr. Dolittle's two-headed beast. That is the separatist body at the moment.

Who, really, is the premier of Quebec? Canadians, especially those who live in the netherland of TROC, had the impression on Sept. 12 that his name was Jolly Jacques Parizeau, the man with the belly of a banker and the chortle of a pub keeper.

As it turns out, the new premier of Quebec is lugubrious Lucien Bouchard, he of the smouldering matinee-idol eyes and the passion of a Napoleon. He speaks for Quebec before the Ottawa Press Gallery. He goes on CTV's *Canada AM* and announces the real date for the supposed date on Quebec's supposed separation.

What he is doing, of course, is pulling Jolly Jacques's testicles—whoops, chestnuts—out of the fire. Jolly Jacques has done what Ms. Atwood's beaver did—leaving his vitals for his enemies to devour.

In this case, it was the braggadocio that led the alleged premier of Quebec to pronounce that indeed he would adhere to his pre-election pledge. Yes indeed, Quebec would hold the (alleged) referendum "about eight to 10 months" after the election.

Now, it is the real premier of Quebec, imperious Lucien, who tells a national TV audience that Jolly Jacques has abandoned his commitment to hold a referendum within 10 months. Asked if in fact there will be a vote at



least sometime in 1995, the real premier of Quebec says: "We'll see, we'll see."

It is this certainty of purpose, the obvious unity of separatist thought, that so reassures the card-carrying citizens of TROC as to the direction the country is taking.

The minute the numbers clicked in, showing the federalist popular vote within 15,000 ballots of the separatists, the air went out of the secessionist balloon. You could see it on Lucky Lucien's face. Unfortunately, all the bombast did not go out of Jolly Jacques's belly.

When he persisted that the vote would still be held before the end of 1995, the real premier of Quebec had to come forward and correct him. We now have the strange actuality—Jean Chrétien loving it—that the man who speaks for Quebec sits in the Opposition benches in Ottawa, the alleged premier off in Quebec City waiting to find out what he really thinks from next day's headlines and the

evening clips on the Peter Pan Show.

Bouchard—who as far as we are able to discover (from his own biography)—has now been a supporter of four different political parties. As such, he is far more conversant with the public mood than Jolly Jacques, who spent most of his career as a high civil servant and so was shielded from contact with The Great Unwashed.

Lucky Lucien, in assuming the position as the real premier of Quebec, knows that if the separatists cannot get even 45-per-cent support against a tired nine-year-old government, they have little chance within "eight to 10 months" of getting 51 per cent in favor of the serious matter of independence and a shiny new flag at the United Nations.

That is why he had to overrule the alleged premier of Quebec. There will never be a referendum on independence in 1995. Even dumb columnists know that. Jolly Jacques, after the real premier of Quebec emphasizes that enough into every microphone, will concede that and will squirm his way out of it—to the great delight of every cartoonist in the land.

At the basis of this high farce, naturally, is the fact that the real premier of Quebec, residing in Hull and sitting in the Commons each afternoon, wants to be the first president of an independent Quebec ahead of the alleged premier who sits in Quebec City.

Jolly Jacques knows this. Lucky Lucien knows this. The pertinent suggestion that might go to The Rest of Canada is that we unlace and watch the bun fight. The real premier of Quebec, since he knows the Québécois love his passion and oratorical style, realizes time is on his side and, at

55, he can be prepared to wait while the alleged premier of Quebec, at 64, his pomposity not being to the liking of his voters, cannot.

Jolly Jacques knows he has only one chance. Lucky Luke can take more time. A loss at a 1995 referendum would render his Ottawa role redundant, the lumbering Reform eager to take official Opposition.

There is no panic. There will be no referendum "in eight to 10 months." There won't even be a referendum in 1995, since—as Bouchard admits—the separatists will call it only when their polls tell them they can win.

The only contest worth watching will be the real premier of Quebec, from his redoubt in Hull—crossing the river each day to Parliament Hill hoping to break up Canada—contradicting at every turn the alleged premier of Quebec in Quebec City.

It won't be a pretty picture. But it will be amusing to watch.



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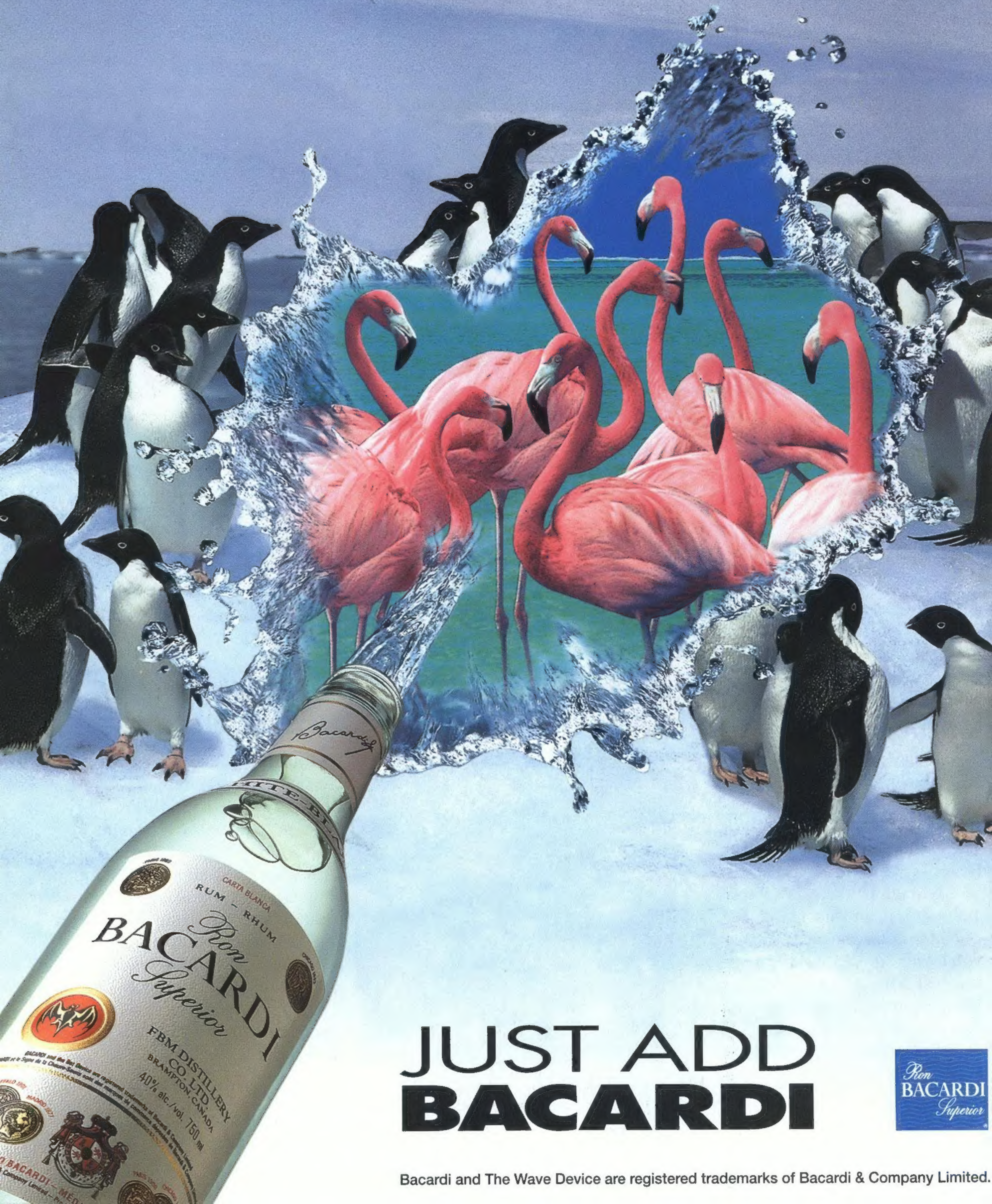
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